PISCATORY ECLOGUES,

WITH OTHER

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

BY

PHINEHAS FLETCHER.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

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By PHINEHAS FLETCHER.

1c

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES,
CRITICAL and EXPLANATORY.

——— *Hoc accipe carmen :*
Carmen quod tenui dum nectit arundine linum
Piſcator legat ; et ſcopulo ſuſpiret ab alto.
SANNAZAR.

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INTRODUCTION.

OF PASTORAL and PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

IT is common, and indeed natural, with moſt people who are either averſe to thinking for themſelves, or are diffident of the rectitude of their own opinions, to adopt implicitly, and retain with zeal, the opinions of thoſe who have acquired a character in the world for ingenuity or penetration. The name of PISCATORY ECLOGUE is perhaps unfavourable, from the ſevere treatment which Mr. Addiſon has been pleaſed to beſtow on what was the firſt attempt in this particular ſpecies of compoſition, *viz.* the Eclogues of *Sannazarius*, which (with all deference to the opinion of ſo able a critic) whoever ſhall peruſe, will, it is believed, be convinced that they hardly deſerve ſuch uſage.

Perhaps the truth was, that Mr. Addiſon, before *Sannazarius* came in his way, had laid down what he eſteemed the eſſential requiſites of paſtoral, and was afterwards, in his review of the paſtoral writers, neceſſarily obliged to praiſe or condemn according to theſe rules.—However, it were extremely eaſy to ſhow that ſeveral of his requiſites are ſo far from being eſſentially neceſſary, that many of the moſt eſteemed paſtorals can by no means be reduced to, or meaſured by their ſtandard.

The paſtoral ſtate, according to his rules, is a ſtate of the moſt perfect ſimplicity, innocence, and eaſe; in ſhort, a golden age.—It is not to be denied, that in order to paint the pleaſures of a paſtoral life, we muſt beſtow a tint of ſimplicity, and eaſy contentment; at the ſame time, nothing can be more fantaſtical than to depart entirely from nature, and deſcribe a manner of life, which neither ever did, nor could poſſibly exiſt. An affectation of this kind in the writers of paſtoral,

ſtoral, is the reaſon why we are juſtly diſpleaſed with moſt of the modern paſtorals, as well as with many of the ancient. But the compoſitions in this way of writing, which are univerſally admired, will be found to have departed far from this rule. The moſt eſteemed Eclogues of Virgil admit often of poliſhed, and even of refined ſentiments: and it is with juſtice that we admire theſe, ſince it is well known, that the earlieſt ages, and the greateſt ſimplicity of manners have produced compoſitions rich in ſentiments the moſt exalted, as well as moſt beautiful. Many of Spenſer's paſtorals are ſo intolerably rude, (or ſimple, if one chooſes to call them ſo), that they only excite ridicule: ſome there are extremely beautiful, but they are thoſe only where he has kept nature in view, and forbore an over-affectation of ſimplicity.

ANOTHER rule of paſtoral, according to this writer, and which indeed has a neceſſary dependance on his firſt requiſite, is, that the

ſmalleſt hint of misfortune or calamity ſhould be entirely baniſhed from ſuch a ſtate of eaſe and innocence. He will allow only a few ſlight anxieties, ſuch as what a ſhepherd may feel on having his foot pricked with a thorn, breaking his crook, or loſing a favourite lamb; becauſe, ſays he, we muſt think that life extremely happy, where theſe are the greateſt misfortunes.——But beſides the diſguſting ſentiment of improbability which this ſyſtem conveys, we muſt always judge according to our own feelings; and inſtead of ſympathiſing with the unhappy ſhepherd who laments ſuch piteous calamities, we muſt undoubtedly laugh at him.—The complaints of Virgil's Melibæus will affect every reader, becauſe they are real, and come home to every man's concerns.

So much has been ſaid on theſe, which Mr. Addiſon calls the requiſites to paſtoral, becauſe it is preſumed he has on them founded his criticiſm upon the Eclogues of *Sannazarius*.

zarius. It is on theſe principles that he cenſures both TASSO and GUARINI, in the *Aminta* and *Paſtor fido*; and had he ſeen a compoſition, the produce of the northern part of our iſland, and allowed a maſter piece of the paſtoral kind *, it had probably been meaſured by the ſame ſtandard, and, in that caſe, as certainly condemned.

THE word *Paſtoral* implies, that the characters are ſh pherds: *Eclogue* ſignifies, a ſelect poem of any kind; but is generally applied to compoſitions of the like nature with paſtorals; and ſo far as they have ſome characteriſing marks in common, they may be judged of by a common ſtandard; but an allowance muſt always be made for the ſentiments which are peculiar to the ſeveral characters. Thus we have ſeen Town-eclogues as well as Paſtoral Eclogues, to both of which

* The GENTLE SHEPHERD, a Scots paſtoral comedy, where the characters and ſcenery are ſimple and beautiful, though at the ſame time ſtrictly natural.

it

it would be ridiculous to apply the ſame ſtandard of ſimplicity, *&c.*; each have their different merits, and are capable of their peculiar beauties.—Piſcatory Eclogue forms a third ſpecies, and cannot be meaſured by the ſtandard of either of the former. One rule is certain in all theſe compoſitions: Examine the characters, and according as they conform to nature, let the performance be judged.—While we ſet up a viſionary ſtandard, ſuch as that of a perfect ſtate of innocence and ſimplicity, we ſhall never find two perſons who agree exactly in opinion of the ſame performance.

WERE it neceſſary to ſay any thing in recommendation of Piſcatory Eclogue, we might aſſert perhaps its advantages over Paſtoral. The life of a fiſherman admits often of ſcenes as delightful as thoſe which the ſhepherd enjoys, and thoſe ſcenes are much more varied. The nature of the occupation of the former gives riſe to a greater variety of incidents,

and

and thoſe likewiſe more intereſting, than that of the latter can furniſh.—A ſubject often handled muſt become trite, and Piſcatory Eclogue has the advantage over Paſtoral in diſplaying a field leſs beaten and leſs frequented.—But FLETCHER's Eclogues will ſpeak for themſelves, and ſufficiently vindicate both the nature of the compoſition and their own peculiar merit.

THESE Eclogues have been but once printed, above 130 years ago, and they have met with a fate which I am ſure they do not merit, being now almoſt unknown. I have illuſtrated them with NOTES, to explain ſome hiſtorical paſſages which would have otherwiſe been obſcure; and likewiſe with ſome critical obſervations and ſimilar paſſages from other poets, many of them old and but little known, with which I know ſome readers will not be diſpleaſed: at leaſt, I am always pleaſed to meet with the like in other performances, and I believe others are ſo too.

OF THE

AUTHOR.

PHINEHAS FLETCHER was the ſon of GILES FLETCHER Doctor of Laws, Secretary to the city of London, and one of the Maſters of the Court of Requeſts; a learned man, and, as well as his ſon, a good poet. He was ſent ambaſſador from Q. Eliſabeth to Muſcovy, to conclude a league with the Emperor, and afterwards went as her commiſſioner to Scotland.—PHINEHAS was bred to the church, and had the rectorſhip of Hilgay in Norfolk.—Beſides theſe Eclogues, he wrote the PURPLE ISLAND, an allegorical poem on the moral and phyſical nature of man, and a ſmall work in proſe *De literatis antiquæ Britanniæ.* He was couſin to Fletcher the dramatic writer.

PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, under the character of Thelgon, *a fiſher, paints his own father, and, in an allegory, deſcribes his life. Having ſpent his youth in the country, he is ſolicited to court, where, though honourably employed by his ſovereign, he ſeems to think his labours met not with the reward which they merited. This beautiful eclogue begins with the moſt fanciful and pictureſque deſcription. The ſeaſon and ſcene are laid down:—An invocation to the ſea-nymphs:—* Thelgon's *childhood, and education among the fiſhers:—The dawning and improvement of his poetical genius:—His removal to court, and his employments in conſequence of it:—The riſe of his love for* Amyntas, *with whom he paſſionately expoſtulates. The Eclogue concludes with a moſt beautiful picture of the innocent pleaſures of a fiſher's life, by which he endeavours to allure* Amyntas *to reſide with him.*

EC-

ECLOGUE I.

AMYNTAS.

I.

IT was the time faithful Halcyone, *
Once more enjoying new-liv'd Cëyx' bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering ſea,
Bidding him calm his proud white-curled head,
And change his mountains to a champian lea;
The time when gentle Flora's lover † reignes,
Soft creeping all along green Neptune's ſmootheſt plaines.

II.

When hapleſſe Thelgon (a poore fiſher-ſwaine)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:
In rocks he found, and the high-ſwelling main,
More ſenſe, more pitie farre, more love remaining,
Than in the great Amyntas' fierce diſdain:

* The poet's art is admirable, that in the firſt line he fills the reader's mind with a tender impreſſion, by recalling to his memory the well-known mournful ſtory of Ceyx and Halcyone, (Ovid. Met. b. xi. fab. 10.), at the ſame time that he uſes it to convey a fine idea of the ſerenity of the ſea in ſpring.

† Zephyr.

Was not his peer for ſong 'mong all the lads
Whoſe ſhrilling pipe, or voice, the ſea-born maiden glads.

III.

About his head a rocky canopye,
And craggy hangings, round a ſhadow threw,
Rebutting Phœbus' parching fervencie;
Into his boſom Zephyr ſoftly flew;
Hard by his feet the ſea came waving by;
The while to ſeas and rocks (poor ſwaine!) he ſang;
The while the ſeas and rocks anſw'ring loud echoes rang *.

IV.

You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell
In ſpending never ſpend your ſportful dayes †,

* The ſcene here is finely imagined, and moſt beautifully deſcribed.—The numbers too, eſpecially the change and repetition of words in the two laſt lines of the ſtanza, have a fine effect on a muſical ear. Dryden, that great maſter of harmony in numbers, has often uſed this change in the ſame words with admirable effect.

The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind and purling ſtreams continue her repoſe.
CYMON and IPHIGENIA.

† Vide Eclogue III. §. 3. note 1.

Or,

Or, when you liſt, in pearled boats of ſhell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes
About the wanton ſkiffe; and You that dwell
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous throng,
Deigne you to gently hear ſad Thelgon's plaining ſong.

V.

When the raw bloſſome of my youth was yet *
In my firſt childhood's green encloſure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And ſpread the ſail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in ſtraits to ſet,
And guide my boat where Thame and Iſis heire
By lowly Æton ſlides, and Windſor proudly faire.

* In this deſcription of the fiſher's youth and education, there is a remarkable ſimilarity to ſome paſſages in the 12th Eclogue of Spenſer's Shepherd's Calendar. He ſeems to have been an admirer, and frequently too an imitator of that great poet: but where he has borrowed his thoughts, there are none, I believe, who, upon a compariſon, will deny that he has improved on them. The force and tenderneſs of ſentiment, in many of Spenſer's Eclogues, is often much impaired by an affected ruſticity of expreſſion, which, though ſome have imagined eſſential to paſtoral, is entirely diſtinct from ſimplicity and feeling, and is indeed unfit to convey ſuch ſentiments. This Fletcher well knew, and without loſing ſight of the characters of his ſpeakers, has never deſcended to vulgariſm or affected obſcurity.

VI. There,

VI.

There, while our thinne nets dangling in the winde
Hung on our oares tops, I learnt to ſing
Among my peers, apt words to fittly binde
In num'rous verſe: witneſſe Thou cryſtal ſpring *
Where all the lads were pebles wont to finde;
And You thick haſles, that on Thamis' brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his ſilver waters drink.

VII.

But when my tender youth 'gan fairly blow,
I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower ſeas:
There, as my years, ſo ſkill with years did grow;
And now my pipe the better ſort did pleaſe;
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,
I durſt to challenge all my fiſher peers,
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did ſpend their youthfull yeares †.

VIII. And

* Extinctum nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnin
Flebant: vos coruli teſtes, et flumina nymphis.
VIRG. Buc. Ecl 5.

Our poet has here beautifully improved on the thought of Virgil, by the addition of two fine images which are not expreſt in the Latin. The whole ſtanza is pictureſque in the higheſt degree.

† The Chame or Cam is remarkable for its many beautiful windings. It is here called *learned* from the univerſity of Cambridge,

VIII.

And Janus' ſelf, that oft with me compar'd,
With his oft loſſes raiſed my victory;
That afterward in ſong he never dar'd
Provoke my conqu'ring pipe; but enviouſly
Deprave the ſongs, which firſt his ſongs had marr'd;
And cloſely bite when now he durſt not bark,
Hating all others' light, becauſe himſelf was dark.

IX.

And whether nature, joyn'd with art, had wrought me,
Or I too much believ'd the fiſher's praiſe;
Or whether Phœbus' ſelf, or Muſes, taught me,
Too much enclined to verſe, and muſicke playes;
So farre credulitie and youth had brought me,
I ſang ſad Telethuſa's fruſtrate plainte,
And ruſtick Daphnis' wrong, and magick's vain reſtrainte.

bridge, which is ſituated on the river. The univerſity was founded, as ſome ſay, in the year 141; but Sigilbert, a Chriſtian king of the Eaſt-Saxons, is allowed to have been the firſt who eſtabliſhed regular ſchools there.

Next Camus, reverend ſire, went footing ſlow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flow'r inſcrib'd with woe.

MILTON's Lycidas.

X. And

X.

And then appeas'd young Myrtilus, repining
At general contempt of ſhepherd's life;
And raiſed my rime, to ſing of Richard's climbing *;
And taught our Chame to end the old-bred ſtrife,
Mythicus' claim to Nicias reſigning:
The while his goodly nymphs with ſong delighted,
My notes with choiceſt flowers, and garlands ſweet, requited.

XI.

From thence a ſhepherd great, pleas'd with my ſong,
Drew me to Baſiliſſa's † courtly place;
Fair Baſiliſſa, faireſt maid among
The nymphs that white-cliffe Albion's forreſts grace.
Her errand drove my ſlender bark along
The ſeas which waſh the fruitful German's land,
And ſwelling Rhene, whoſe wines run ſwiftly o'er the ſand.

* Probably the uſurpation of Richard III. of England. The other names are fictitious, or perhaps they allude to ſtories told by other poets, which I have never met with.

† Q. Eliſabeth.

XII. But

XII.

But after bolden'd with my firſt ſucceſſe,
I durſt eſſay the new-found paths, that led
To ſlaviſh Moſco's * dullard ſluggiſhneſſe;
Whoſe ſlotheful ſunne all winter keeps his bed,
But never ſleeps in ſummer's wakefullneſſe:

Yet

* He was ambaſſador from Queen Eliſabeth to the Duke of Muſcovy. On his return to Britain, he publiſhed the obſervations he had made during his reſidence there, in a book entitled *The Ruſſe Commonwealth*; which, though much eſteemed for novelty and ingenuity, yet, on account of ſome political reflections, procured the author the ill-will of the court of his ſovereign. As a ſpecimen of his manner of writing, the reader may not be diſpleaſed with a ſmall quotation.

" In Muſcovy the rivers and other waters are all frozen up a " yard or more thick, how ſwift or broad ſoever they be; and " this continueth commonly from the beginning of November " till towards the end of March, what time the ſnow beginneth " to melt. The ſharpneſs of the air you may judge of by this; " for that water dropped down or caſt up into the air congealeth " into ice before it come to the ground. When you paſs out of " a warm room into a cold, you ſhall ſenſibly feel your breath " to wax ſtark, and even ſtifling, with the cold, as you draw it " in and out. Divers loſe their noſes, the tips of their ears, and " the balls of their cheeks, their toes, feet, &c.: And yet in " the ſummer time you will ſee ſuch a new hue and face of a " country, the woods (for the moſt part which are all of fir and " birch) ſo freſh and ſo ſweet, the paſtures and meadows ſo

Yet all for nought: another took the gain:
Faitour, that reapt the pleaſure of another's pain!

XIII.

And travelling along the northern plains,
At her command I paſs'd the bounding Twede,
And liv'd a while with Caledonian ſwains:
My life with fair Amyntas there I led:
Amyntas fair, whom ſtill my ſore heart plains.
Yet ſeem'd he then to love as he was lov'd;
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never prov'd.

XIV.

And now he haunts th' infamous woods and downs,
And on Napean nymphs doth wholly dote:

" green and ſo well grown, and that upon the ſudden, ſuch va-
" riety of flowers, ſuch noiſe of nightingales, (that ſeem to be
" more loud, and of a more variable note than in other coun-
" tries), that a man ſhall not lightly travel in a more pleaſant
" country.——In winter time, when all is cover'd with ſnow,
" the dead bodies (ſo many as die all the winter time) are piled
" up in a houſe in the ſuburbs, like billets on a wood-ſtack, as
" hard with the froſt as a very ſtone, till the ſpring-tide come
" and reſolve the froſt, what time every man taketh his dead
" friend and committeth him to the ground."

What

What cares he for poore Thelgon's plaintful ſounds?
Thelgon, poore maſter of a poorer boat *.
Janus is crept from his wont priſon bounds,
And ſits the porter to his eare and minde:
What hope Amyntas' love a fiſher ſwaine ſhould finde?

XV.

Yet once he ſaid, (which I, then fool, believ'd),
(The woods of it, and Damon, witneſſe be;)
When in fair Albion's fields he firſt arriv'd,
"When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,
The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;
The wavering ſea ſhall ſtand, and rocks remove:"
He ſaid, and I believ'd; ſo credulous is love.

XVI.

You ſteady rocks, why yet do you ſtand ſtill?
You fleeting waves, why do you never ſtand?
Amyntas hath forgot his Thelgon's quill;
His promiſe and his love are writ in ſand:
But rocks are firm though Neptune rage his fill;

* Hoc eſt, hoc, miſerum quod perdidit. Ite Camœnæ,
Ite procul, ſprevit noſtras Galatea querelas:
Scilicet exiguæ videor quod navita cymbæ,
Quodque leves hamos, nodoſaque retia tracto,
Deſpicior——— SANNAZAR. Ec. 2.

When thou, Amyntas, like the fire-drake rangeſt;
The ſea keeps on his courſe, when like the winde thou changeſt.

XVII.

Yet as I ſwiftly ſail'd the other day,
The ſettled rock ſeem'd from his ſeat remove,
And ſtanding waves ſeem'd doubtful of their way,
And by their ſtop thy wavering reprove:
Sure either this thou didſt but mocking ſay,
Or elſe the rock and ſea had heard my plaining;
But thou (ay me!) art onely conſtant in diſdaining.

XVIII.

Ah! would thou knew'ſt how much it better were*
To 'bide among the ſimple fiſher-ſwaines;
No ſhrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here; †
Nor is our ſimple pleaſure mixt with pains:
Our ſports begin with the beginning yeare;

* This, and the two following ſtanzas, for elegance and true paſtoral ſimplicity will yield to few compoſitions, whether of the preſent age or of antiquity.

† Mr. Addiſon, in his criticiſm on paſtoral poetry, will allow no greater misfortune or inconvenience to be deſcribed as incident to the ſtate of ſimplicity which is there ſuppoſed, than left-handed oaks, ſhrieking ravens, or at moſt the loſs of a lamb

or

In calms, to pull the leaping fiſh to land;
In roughs, to ſing and dance along the golden ſand.

XIX.

I have a pipe, which once thou lovedſt well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better ſound),
Which oft to heare, fair Thetis from her cell,
Thetis, the Queen of ſeas, attended round
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to heare,
And gave me gifts, which ſtill for thee lye hoarded here.

XX.

Here, with ſweet bays, the lovely myrtils grow,
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft repair;

or goat. Fletcher, in this paſſage, will not fall under his cenſure, where he paints the owl and the night-crow as the moſt diſagreeable objects attending the life of a ſhepherd or fiſher. But this is too ſqueamiſh a piece of criticiſm. There is no occaſion for removing ourſelves ſo far from real nature. Virgil, who diſdained all pedantic reſtraint, has not confined himſelf to a golden age for the ſcene of his paſtorals. He has painted his ſhepherds driven from the peaceful enjoyment of their fields and flocks, and expoſed to inſults from the ſoldiers and barbarians; and this ſerves to heighten the idea of paſtoral innocence and ſimplicity, where ſuch calamities are ſo powerfully affecting.

Here

Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:
No other ſwaine may come to note their fair;
Yet my Amyntas there with me ſhall go.
Proteus himſelf pipes to his flock hereby, *
Whom thou ſhalt heare, ne'er ſeen by any jealous eye.

XXI.

But ah! both me and ſhepherds he diſdains,
While I ſit piping to the gadding winde;
Better that to the boiſt'rous ſea complains;
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, than his harde minde.
I'll to ſome rock far from our common mains, †
And in his boſom learn forget my ſmart,
And blot Amyntas' name from Thelgon's wretched heart.

* Proteus was Neptune's herdſman, and kept his ſea-calves; he was jealous of being ſeen by the ſhepherds, who uſed to ſurpriſe and bind him, that he might ſing to them, and tell them their fortunes.

† ——τιν δὲ μελει. Ουκετ' ἀειδω
Κειτευμαι δὲ πετρων, και τοι λυκοι ὡ δὲ μ' ἐδοντι
Ω; μελι τοι γλυκυ τῆτο κατα βροχθοιο γενοιτο.
THEOCRIT. Idyll. 3.

XXII. So

XXII.

So up he roſe, and launch'd into the deep,
Dividing with his oare the ſurging maine,
Which, dropping, ſeem'd with tears his caſe to weep;
The whiſtling windes joyn'd with the ſeas to plain,
And o'er his boat in whines lamenting creep.
Nought feared he fierce ocean's wat'ry ire,
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal fire.

ECLOGUE II.

The ARGUMENT.

Dorus *and* Myrtilus *ſitting on the beach, while the weather is unfavourable for fiſhing, amuſe themſelves with a ſong.* Myrtilus *relates the cauſe of* Thirſil's *abandoning the employment of a fiſher, and forſaking his native ſtreams. The Author's father's misfortunes are again touch'd on, in the character of* Thelgon, *couched under a beautiful allegory.* Thirſil *affected with the ungenerous fate of his friend, and reſenting likewiſe his own unmerited hardſhips, forſwears for ever his country and his occupation. His parting with* Thomalin, *and the haunts and delights of his youth, are deſcribed with all the force and tenderneſs of poetical expreſſion.*

EC-

ECLOGUE II.

THIRSIL.

DORUS, MYRTILUS, THOMALIN, THIRSIL.

I.

DORUS.

MYRTIL, why idle ſit we on the ſhore?
Since ſtormy windes and waves inteſtine ſpite
Impatient rage of ſail or bending oare;
Sit we, and ſing, while windes and waters fight;
And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

II.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, ah rather ſtormy ſeas require,
With ſadder notes, the tempeſt's rage deplore:
In calms let's ſing of love and lover's fire.
Tell me how Thirſil late our ſeas foreſwore,
When forc'd he left our Chame, and deſert ſhore.

III.

DORUS.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his ſongs more pleaſe my raviſh'd eare, *
Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles play,
Than murm'ring ſeas broke on the banks to heare,
Or windes on rocks their whiſtling voices teare.

IV.

MYRTILUS.

Seeſt thou that rock, which hanging o'er the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirſil with Thomalin I heard complain;
Thomalin, (who now goes ſighing all the day),
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with Chamiſh boys to ſtay.

V.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, what wicked chance, or luckleſs ſtarre,
From Chamus' ſtreams removes thy boat and mind?
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more farre;
More ſweet or fruitful ſtreams where canſt thou finde?
Where fiſher-lads, or nymphs more fair or kind?

* Nam neque me tantum venientis ſibilus auſtri,
Nec percuſſa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxoſa inter decurrunt flumina valles. VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 5.

The

The Muſes ſelves ſit with the ſliding Chame:
Chame and the muſes ſelves do love thy name.
Where thou art lov'd ſo dear, ſo much to hate is ſhame.

VI.

THIRSIL.

The muſes me forſake, not I the muſes;
Thomalin thou know'ſt how I them honour'd ever:
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuſes;
His froward ſpites my ſtrong affection ſever;
Elſe from his banks could I have parted never:
But like his ſwannes, when now their fate is nigh *,
Where ſinging ſweet they liv'd there dead they lie;
So would I gladly live, ſo would I gladly die.

VII. His

* Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Meandri concinit albus olor. OVID. Epiſt.

The fiction of the ſwan ſinging before her death has prevailed ſince the earlieſt ages. Plato, in his dialogue Phædon, ſays, that a dying ſwan is a moſt muſical bird: Ælian expreſsly aſſerts, that he has heard her ſinging; Ἐγω δὲ ἀδοντος κύκνου ἠκουσα. We are naturally fond of attributing to a beautiful outſide every amiable quality, and hence has perhaps ariſen the notion of the ſwan's muſical powers, which has afforded many beautiful alluſions and deſcriptions to the poets of every age. And one among the reſt there is, which I ſhall eaſily be forgiven for here introducing,

VII.

His ſtubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
My fiſh (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He cauſeleſſe ſeiz'd, and, with ungrateful ſpite,
Beſtow'd upon a leſſe deſerving ſwain:
The coſt and labour mine, his all the gain.

My

ening, along with a few ſtanzas with which it is connected, not only as they are the compoſition of the author of theſe eclogues, but as a model of elegance and paſtoral ſimplicity which I could wiſh to ſee equalled. It is taken from the firſt canto of the Purple Iſland, an allegorical poem by Phinehas Fletcher, and printed along with his Eclogues at Cambridge, 1663, in 4to.

Let others truſt the ſeas, dare death and hell,
Search either Inde, vaunt of their ſcarres and wounds;
Let others their deare breath (nay ſilence) ſell,
To fools, and (ſwoln not rich) ſtretch out their bounds,
By ſpoiling thoſe that live, and wronging dead;
That they may drink in pearle, and couch their head
In ſoft, but ſleepleſſe downe, in rich but reſtleſſe bed.

Oh! let them in their gold quaffe dropſies down:
Oh! let them ſurfeits feaſt in ſilver bright;
While ſugre hires the taſte the brain to drown,
And bribes of ſauce corrupt falſe appetite,
His maſter's reſt, health, heart, life, ſoul, to ſell.
Thus plentie, fulneſſe, ſickneſſe, ring their knell:
Death weds and beds them; firſt in grave, and then in hell.

But,

My boat lies broke, my oares are crackt and gone:
Nought has he left me, but my pipe alone,
Which with his ſadder notes may help his maſter's
moan.

But, ah! let me under ſome Kentiſh hill,
Near rowling Medway, 'mong my ſhepherd peers,
With fearleſſe merrie-make and piping ſtill,
Securely paſſe my few and ſlow-pac'd yeares,
While yet the great Auguſtus of our nation *
Shuts up old Janus in his long ceſſation,
Strength'ning our pleaſing eaſe and gives us ſure vacation.

There may I, maſter of a little flock,
Feed my poore lambes, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate ſhall tend my ſparing ſtock,
And nurſe my little ones with pleaſing care;
Whoſe love and look ſhall ſpeak their father plain:
Health be my feaſt, Heaven hope, content my gain,
So in my little houſe my leſſer heart ſhall reigne.

The beech ſhall yield a cool, ſafe canopie,
While down I ſit and chaunt to th' echoing wood;
Ah! ſinging might I live, and ſinging die.
So by fair Thames or Medway's ſilver flood,
The dying ſwanne, when yeares her temples pierce,
In muſick-ſtrains breathes out her life and verſe;
And chaunting her own dirge, tides on her wat'ry herſe.

* K. James I.

VIII. THO-

VIII.

THOMALIN.

Ungrateful Chame! how oft hath Thirſil crown'd
With ſongs and garlands thy obſcurer head!
That now thy name thro' Albion loud doth ſound.
Ah, fooliſh Chame! who now in Thirſil's ſtead
Shall chaunt thy praiſe, ſince Thelgon's lately dead?
He whom thou lov'ſt can neither ſing nor play,
His duſty pipe, ſcorn'd, broke, is caſt away:
Ah, fooliſh Chame! who now ſhall grace thy holiday!

IX.

THIRSIL.

Too fond my former hopes! I ſtill expected
With my deſert his love ſhould grow the more:
Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected;
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his graceleſſe ſhore,
Than any ſwain that ever ſang before.
Yet Gripus he prefer'd, when Thelgon ſtrove:
I wiſh no other curſe he ever prove;
Who Thelgon cauſeleſſe hates, ſtill may he Gripus love*.

X. THO-

* It is probable the author here alludes to ſome office or employment which his father expected, as the reward of his ſervices, and which was undeſervedly beſtowed on another, ſtigmatiſed

X.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, but that ſo long I know thee well,
I now ſhould think thou ſpeak'ſt of hate or ſpite:
Can ſuch a wrong with Chame, or muſes dwell,
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they quite?

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, judge thou; and thou that judgeſt right,
Great King of ſeas, that graſp'ſt the ocean, heare,
If ever thou thy Thelgon loved'ſt deare:
Tho' thou forbear a while, yet long thou canſt not bear.

ſed under the name of Gripus, who had obtained it by flattery, and the low arts, to which Fletcher was a ſtranger. Vide infra ſtanza 14. and Eclog. i. ſtanza 12.——As a key to ſome alluſions of this kind which occur in theſe eclogues, I find the following anecdote in a ſmall duodecimo, entitled, A Hiſtorical Dictionary of England and Wales, printed 1692: After enumerating ſome particulars of the life of Doctor Giles Fletcher, it is there added, "He was a man equally beloved of the muſes and graces: In the "end of his life having commenced doctor of divinity, and be-"ing ſlighted by his clowniſh pariſhioners, he fell into deep me-"lancholy, and in a ſhort time died."

XI.

When Thelgon here had ſpent his 'prentice yeares,
Soon had he learnt to ſing as ſweet a note
As ever ſtrook the churliſh Chamus' eares:
To him the river gives a coſtly boat,
That on his waters he might ſafely float;
The ſong's reward, which oft unto his ſhore
He ſweetly tuned: then arm'd with ſail and oare,
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

XII.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full poſſeſt,
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring gueſt,
Whom then he onely ſaw; to him he gave
The ſails and oares: in vain poor Thelgon ſtrave,
The boat is under ſail, no boot to plain:
Then baniſht him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himſelf were wrong'd, and did not wrong the ſwain.

XIII.

From thence he furrow'd many a churliſh ſea;
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's ſelf did paſs, *
Who ſleds doth ſuffer on his wat'ry lea,
And horſes trampling on his icy face:
Where Phœbus, priſon'd in the frozen glaſſe,

* See Eclogue i. ſtanzas 11, 12, and the note thereon.

All

All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright:
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

XIV.

Yet little thanke, and leſſe reward, he got;
He never learn'd to ſoothe the itching eare:
One day (as chanc't) he ſpied that painted boat
Which once was his: though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
Gripus, the baſeſt and moſt dung-hill ſwain,
That ever drew a net, or fiſht in fruitful main.

XV.

Go now, ye fiſher-boys, go learn to play,
To play and ſing along your Chamus' ſhore:
Go watch and toil, go ſpend the night and day,
While windes and waves, while ſtormes and tempeſts roar;
And for your trade conſume your life and ſtore:
Lo your reward; thus will your Chamus uſe you:
Why ſhould you plain that lozel ſwains refuſe you?
Chamus good fithers hates, the muſes' ſelves abuſe you. *

* The ingratitude of a ſovereign to a faithful ſervant, is touch'd with great delicacy in this oblique complaint againſt the Chamus and the muſes.

XVI.

THOMALIN.

Ah, Thelgon! pooreſt, but the worthieſt ſwain
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty!
However here thou liv'dſt in joyleſſe pain,
Preſt down with grief and patient miſery;
Yet ſhalt thou live when thy proud enemie
Shall rot, with ſcorn and baſe contempt oppreſt.
Sure now in joy thou ſafe and glad doſt reſt,
Smil'ſt at thoſe eager foes, which here thee ſo moleſt.

XVII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, mourn not for him; he's ſweetly ſleeping *
In Neptune's court, whom here he ſought to pleaſe;
While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,
Rock ſoft his ſlumb'ring thoughts in quiet eaſe:
Mourn for thyſelf, here windes do never ceaſe;

Our

* There is ſomething remarkable in this picture. The image of the poor fiſherman, now at reſt from all his troubles, and ſweetly ſleeping in the court of Neptune, carries with it ſomething beautiful and affecting. The belief of the ancients, that the happineſs of the deceaſed in Elyſium conſiſted in the perfect enjoyment of thoſe pleaſures which had moſt delighted them in life, juſtifies the propriety of the painting. It may be well imagined,

Our dying life will better fit thy crying:
He ſoftly ſleeps, and bleſt is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

XVIII. THO-

gined, that the ſweeteſt enjoyment of a poor and weary fiſherman conſiſted in thoſe few hours of ſleep, when his batter'd cottage ſhelter'd him from the ſtorms of the night; and that the height of his wiſhes was to enjoy undiſturbed that repoſe, which was often rudely interrupted, but yet doubly ſweetened by the ſeverity of his occupation. "The humming rivers creeping by his "cabin," is a beautiful and moſt natural idea, and, conſidering the character, is here introduced with peculiar propriety.

"Bleſſed are the righteous dead: from henceforth: for they "ſhall reſt from their labours——" Revel. c. xiv. v. 13.

This repreſentation is ſtill farther juſtified from the opinions of the poets concerning the parts of man's compoſition. From theſe it may be gathered, that they believed three eſſential parts; the body, the pure etherial ſpirit, and a ſubtile yet material vehicle, as it were a ſhade or picture of the body while in life. The body they ſaw reduced to aſhes on the funeral pile; the ſpirit they believed, by its own nature, as ſoon as relieved from the body, returned directly to heaven, the place of its original; and the ſhade deſcended to the infernal regions.——This doctrine is evident from many of the poets: Lucretius, in particular, is expreſs on this point.

——————Eſſe Acheruſia templa,
Quo neque permancant *animæ*, neque *corpora* noſtra
Sed quædam *ſimulacra*, modis pallentia miris.

LUCRET. l. 1.

It

XVIII.

THOMALIN.

Can Thirſil then our Chame abandon ever?
And never will our fiſhers ſee again?

THIRSIL.

Who 'gainſt a raging ſtream doth vain endeavour
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.
As late upon the ſhore I chanc'd to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly ſay,
"Thirſil, why idle liv'ſt? Thirſil, away, away!"

It was therefore a natural effect of the belief of this doctrine, to imagine the ſhade, or repreſentation of the ſoul and body, as being ſomething of a material nature, to be employed in thoſe actions or enjoyments below, which had been moſt common and beſt reliſhed while the ſoul and body were united: and the ſuppoſition of ſleep being a chief enjoyment in Elyſium, is beautiful and conſonant, conſidering that the ſpirit, or the active and intelligent part, had left the compoſition, and fled to heaven. By the by, Lucretius accounts for the appearance of ghoſts and ſpectres in a pretty ſingular manner from this doctrine: He ſuppoſes, that at the time of the diſſolution of the three conſtituent parts of man, the thin ſhapes or caſes flying off to Elyſium are ſometimes ſeen on their way, and being material exhibit a lively image of the perſon while in life.

XIX. Thou

XIX.

Thou God of Seas, thy voice I gladly heare;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry ſteer;
And when it errs, (as it will eas'ly ſtray),
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor ſtay:
Then will I ſwimm where's either ſea or ſhore,
Where never ſwain or boat was ſeen afore:
My trunk ſhall be my boat, mine arm ſhall be my oare.

XX.

Thomalin, methinks I heare thy ſpeaking eye
Woo me my poſting journey to delay:
But let thy love yield to neceſſitie:
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I ſtay,
And live, and die: were Thomalin away,
(Though now I half unwilling leave his ſtream),
However Chame doth Thirſil lightly deem,
Yet would thy Thirſil leſſe proud Chamus' ſcorns eſteem.

XXI.

THOMALIN.

Who now with Thomalin ſhall ſit and ſing? *
Who left to play in lovely Myrtil's ſhade?
Or tune ſweet ditties to ſo ſweet a ſtring?

Who

* See the Note in the page following.

——Hey

Who now thoſe wounds ſhall ſwage in covert glade,
Sweet bitter wounds which cruel love hath made?
You fiſher-boyes, and ſea-maids' dainty crew,
Farewel! for Thomalin will ſeek a new
And more reſpectful ſtream: ungrateful Chame,
adieu!

XXII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, forſake not thou the fiſher-ſwains,
Which hold thy ſtay and love at deareſt rate:
Here may'ſt thou live among their ſportful trains,
Till better times afford thee better ſtate:
Then may'ſt thou follow well thy guiding fate,
So live thou here with peace and quiet bleſt;
So let thy love afford thee eaſe and reſt;
So let thy ſweeteſt ſoe re-cure thy wounded breaſt.

——Heu tua nobis
Pæne ſimul tecum ſolatia rapta Menalca!
Quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus herbis
Spargeret? aut viridi fontis induceret umbra?

VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 9.

In theſe laſt ſtanzas of this beautiful eclogue, the tender concern of Thomalin for his friend's misfortunes, which prompts him likewiſe to forſake his native river, the generoſity of Thirſil in requeſting him to ſtay behind, the apoſtrophe to the river, and the parting of the two friends, are deſcribed in a maſterly vein of poetry, and pathetic in the higheſt degree.

XXIII.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus haſt wrought me ſpite,
Some greater river drown thy hated name!
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight;
But willows pale, the badge of ſpite and blame,
Crown thy ungrateful ſhores with ſcorn and ſhame!
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters ſeize;
Thy weeds ſtill grow, thy waters ſtill decreaſe:
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever ceaſe!

XXIV.

Farewel, ye ſtreams, which once I loved deare; *
Farewel, ye boys, which on your Chame do float;
Muſes, farewel; if there be muſes here;
Farewel,

* It will be no injuſtice to our poet, if, while we read of Thomalin's taking leave of all the objects which were deareſt to him, we have in our eye the ſentiments of Theocritus's Daphnis, in his laſt adieu, and the thoughs of Virgil's Melibœus, in ſimilar circumſtances to Thomalin.

Ὦ λύκοι, ὦ θῶες, ὦ ἀν' ὄρεα φωλάδες ἄρκοι,
Χαίρετ'· ὁ βωκόλος ὑμῖν ἐγὼ Δάφνις ἐκεῖτ' ἀν' ὕλαν,
Οὗτος ἀνὰ δρυμὰς, ἐκ ἄλσεα. χαῖρ' Ἀρεθοῖσα,
Καὶ ποταμοὶ, τοὶ χῶτε καλὸν καλὰ Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ.

Farewel, my nets, farewel my little boat:
Come, ſadder pipe; farewel, my merry note:
My Thomalin, with thee all ſweetneſſe dwell;
Think of thy Thirſil, Thirſil loves thee well.
Thomalin, my deareſt deare, my Thomalin, farewel!

XXV.

DORUS.

Ah, hapleſſe boy, the fiſher's joy and pride!
Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo!
Our pity vain: ill may that ſwain betide
Whoſe undeſerved ſpite hath wrong'd thee ſo.
Thirſil, with thee our joy and wiſhes go.

Δαφνις ἐγὼν ὁ δὲ τῆνος ὁ τας βωκας ὧδε νομευων,
Δάφνιος ὁ τὼς ταὔρως καὶ πόξλιας ὧδε ποτιζδον.

THEOC. Idyll. 1.

En unquam patrios longo poſt tempore fines,
Pauperis ac tuguri congeſtum ceſpite culmen
Poſt aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor ariſtas?
Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ:
Non ego vos poſthac viridi projectus in antro,
Dumoſa pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam; non, me paſcente, capellæ,
Florentem cytiſum, et ſalices carpetis amaras.

VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 1.

XXVI. MYR-

XXVI.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, ſome greater power prevents thy curſe:
So vile, ſo baſely lives that hateful ſwain;
So baſe, ſo vile, that none can wiſh him worſe.
But Thirſil much a better ſtate doth gain;
For never will he find ſo thankleſſe main.

ECLOGUE III.

The ARGUMENT.

Myrtilus, *a young fiſher, captivated with the love of* Celia, *is painted ſitting on the banks of the river* Medway, *heedleſs of his occupation, while his thoughts are ſolely employed on his miſtreſs. He complains to the ſea-nymphs and ſeas; and, comparing them to the ſtate of his own mind, endeavours by various means to ſoften the cruel object of his affections. This Eclogue is expreſſive of all that viciſſitude of paſſions which the ardency of love can inſpire.*

EC-

ECLOGUE III.

MYRTILUS.

I.

A Fisher-lad, (no higher dares he look),
Myrtil, sat down by silver Medway's shore: *
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oare,
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding windes the madder ocean shook.
Of Chamus had he learnt to pipe and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.

II.

There, as his boat late in the river stray'd,
A friendly fisher brought the boy to view
Celia the fair, whose lovely beauties drew
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:
There all his wand'ring thoughts, there now they staid.

* The river Medway rises in what is called the Weald or woody part of Kent, and afterwards divides itself into many streams, five of which surround Tunbridge. It is a very beautiful and navigable river, and at Rochester is so large as to be the bed of the royal navy.

All

All other faire, all other love defies,
In Celia he lives, for Celia dies.

III.

Nor durſt the coward woo his high deſiring,
(For low he was, lower himſelf accounts;
And ſhe the higheſt height in worth ſurmounts;)
But ſits alone in hell, his heaven admiring; *
And thinks with ſighs to fanne, but blows his firing.
Nor does he ſtrive to cure his painful wound;
For till this ſickneſſe never was he found.

* The greateſt fault, perhaps, that can be found in Fletcher's poetry, is that ſtudied quaintneſs of expreſſion which is too frequently to be met with. The formality of an antitheſis, which was ſo much the faſhion of the age in which he wrote, is entirely oppoſite to the language of paſſion. It is ſurpriſing to think how univerſally ſo depraved a taſte ſhould have then prevailed, and how powerful it muſt have been, when Shakeſpeare himſelf was often carried away with the torrent. And yet, with all this, we find that in old compoſitions, even theſe quaintneſſes of expreſſions, which would diſguſt in compoſitions of the preſent time, have an effect which is *ſometimes* not unpleaſing, as they ſuggeſt to the mind the idea of a diſtant and leſs refined ſtate of ſociety, and of the progreſſive advancement of taſte; reflections that always afford pleaſure.

IV.

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;
All ſad he lookt, that ſure all was not well;
Deep in his heart was hid an heavenly hell:
Thick clouds upon his wat'ry eye-brows lay,
Which melting ſhower, and ſhow'ring never ſtay:
So, ſitting down upon the ſandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief and hidden pain.

V.

" You ſea-born maids, that in the ocean reigne,
(If in your courts is known love's matchleſſe powre,
Kindling his fire in your cold wat'ry bowre;)
Learn, by your own, to pity others' pain.
Tryphon, thou know'ſt a thouſand herbs in vain,
But know'ſt not one to cure a love-ſick heart; *
See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

VI.

Your ſtately ſeas (perhaps with love's fire) glow,
And over-ſeeth their banks with ſpringing-tide;
Muſt'ring their white-plum'd waves with lordly pride,
They ſoon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;
So ſinking in themſelves they backward go:

* ——————Herbarum ſubjecta potentia nobis:
Hei mihi, quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.
OVID. Met. Apoll. & Daph.

But in my breaſt full ſeas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

VII.

How well, fair Thetis, in thy glaſſe I ſee,
As in a cryſtal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields ſlept in their even plains,
While ſmiling heav'ns ſpread round a canopie:
Now loſt with blaſts and civil enmitie,
While whiſtling windes blow trumpets to their fight,
And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their ſpite.

VIII.

Such cruel ſtormes my reſtleſſe heart command:
Late thouſand joyes ſecurely lodged there,
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear:
But pull'd the priſon'd fiſhes to the land;
Or (ſpite of windes) pip'd on the golden ſand:
But ſince love ſway'd my breaſt, theſe ſeas alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

IX.

Love ſtirs deſire; deſire, like ſtormy winde,
Blows up high-ſwelling waves of hope and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heaven, but ſtraight my lofty minde,
By fear ſunk in deſpair, deep drown'd I finde.

But ah! your tempeſts cannot laſt for ever;
But ah! my ſtorms (I fear) will leave me never.

X.

Hapleſſe and fond! too fond, more hapleſſe ſwain,
Who loveſt where th'art ſcorn'd, ſcorn'ſt where th'art lov'd:
Or learn to hate where thou haſt hatred prov'd;
Or learn to love where thou art lov'd again:
Ah ceaſe to love, or ceaſe to woo thy pain!
Thy love thus ſcorn'd is hell; do not ſo earn it;
At leaſt, learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

XI.

Ah, fond and hapleſſe ſwain! but much more fond,
How can'ſt unlearn, by learning to forget it;
When thought of what thou ſhould'ſt unlearn does whet it;
And ſurer ties thy mind in captive bond?
Canſt thou unlearn a ditty thou haſt con'd?
Canſt thou forget a ſong by oft repeating?
Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

XII.

Hapleſſe and fond! moſt fond, more hapleſſe ſwain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love), love thou her hate for ever:

In vain thou hop'ſt; hope yet, though ſtill in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aſpiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

XIII.

Fair, cruel maid! moſt cruel, fairer ever,
How hath foul rigour ſtoln into thy heart?
And, on a comic ſtage, hath learnt thee art
To play a tyrant-tragical deceiver?
To promiſe mercy, but perform it never?
To look more ſweet, maſkt in thy looks diſguiſe,
Than Mercy's ſelf can look with Pity's eyes?

XIV.

Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning ſlight
To melt the raviſh'd eare with muſick's ſtrains?
And charm the ſenſe with thouſand pleaſing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breaſt ſo quiet ſtate,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with loveleſſe hate?*

XV. Ah

* The following ſtanzas, which contain ſome of the like paſſionate ſentiments, I am aſſured, were never before publiſhed.

Hy

XV.

Ah no, fair Celia! in thy ſun-like eye
Heaven ſweetly ſmiles; thoſe ſtarres, ſoft loving fire,
And living heat, not burning flames, inſpire:
Love's ſelf enthron'd in thy brow's ivory,
And every grace in heaven's livery.

My

Fly forth, my ſighs, which choke my rending heart;
Leave this poor body——waft you to my fair:
Your glowing warmth to her cold breaſt impart,
And print therein a lover's tender care.

And, if you dare ſuch matchleſs charms to brave,
Fly round her lips, and hover o'er her breaſt:
Kiſs thoſe red lips; and on the rolling wave
Of her ſmooth milky boſom trembling reſt.

Fly, and entwine amid thoſe locks of gold;
There looſe the cords that keep my heart confin'd:
Thoſe golden nets the captive ſenſe infold,
And with reſiſtleſs magic's power can bind.

And, whilſt ye flutter round that ſacred head,
Breathe in her ear in ſofteſt notes of woe,
That with her favour all my joys are fled;
Her frowns have bid unceaſing tears to flow.

Bid her that heart-confounding reaſon tell,
Why looks ſo ſweet ſuch cruel wiles diſguiſe;
Why in a cherub's lips deceit ſhould dwell,
Or murd'ring lightning flaſh from angel's eyes.——

——Oh,

My wants, not thine, me in deſpairing drown:
When hell preſumes, no mar'l if heavens frown.

XVI.

Thoſe graceful tunes, iſſuing from glorious ſpheres,
Raviſh the ear and ſoul with ſtrange delight,
And with ſweet nectar fill the thirſty ſprite;
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,
Stills ſtormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder
When earth ſo high aſpires, if heaven thunder.

XVII.

See, ſee, fair Celia, ſeas are calmly laid, *
And end their boiſt'rous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drummes, the windes their trumpets ceaſe:

——Oh, dearer far than ought on earth beſide!
I feel, I feel my vital ſtrength decay:——
Haſte, haſte to ſave;——be but thy mercy try'd;
Nor let me ling'ring waſte my life away.

* Ηνιδε σιγᾷ μεν πόντος, σιγωντι δ' ἀῆται·
Ἀδ' ἐμὰ ὀ σιγᾷ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία,
Αλλ' ἐπὶ τηνῳ πᾶσα καταιδομαι——

THEOC. Idyll. 1.

But

But my ſick love, (ah love but ill appay'd),
Never can hope his ſtorms may be allay'd;
But giving to his rage no end or leiſure,
Still reſtleſſe reſts: love knows no mean nor meaſure.

XVIII.

Fond boy, ſhe juſtly ſcorns thy proud deſire,
While thou with ſinging wouldſt forget thy pain:
Go ſtrive to empty the ſtill-flowing main:
Go fuel ſeek to quench thy growing fire:
Ah, fooliſh boy! ſcorn is thy muſick's hire.
Drown then theſe flames in ſeas: but ah! I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

XIX.

There firſt thy heaven I ſaw, there felt my hell;
The ſmooth calm ſeas rais'd ſtorms of fierce deſires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the ocean quench them; in thy cell,
Full ſtor'd of pleaſures, all my pleaſures fell.
Die then, fond lad: ah! well my death may pleaſe thee:
But love, thy love, not life, not death, muſt eaſe me."

XX.

So down he ſwooning ſinks, nor can remove,
Till fiſher-boyes (fond fiſher-boyes) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him;
But he ſuch woful gift doth much reprove:
Hopeleſſe his life; for hopeleſſe is his love.
Go, then, moſt loving, but moſt doleful ſwain;
Well may I pitie; ſhe muſt cure thy pain. *

* There are a few fine ſtanzas tranſlated, as I believe, from the Spaniſh of Cervantes, which I cannot help here inſerting. They are the effuſions of a lover in deſpair; and, as ſuch, not foreign to the ſubject.

Relentleſs tyrant of my heart,
Attend, and hear thy ſlave impart
The matchleſs ſtory of his pain:
In vain I labour to conceal
What my extorted groans reveal;
Who can be rack'd, and not complain?

Though ſtill I mourn in dreary caves,
To deſart rocks and ſilent graves,
My loud complaints ſhall wander far;
Borne by the winds they ſhall ſurvive,
In pitying echoes kept alive,
And fill the world with my deſpair.

No

No dawn of hope e'er cheer'd my heart,
No pitying ray e'er ſooth'd my ſmart,
All, all the ſweets of life are gone.
Then come, Deſpair, and frantic Rage,
With inſtant fate my pains aſſuage,
And end a thouſand deaths by one.

But ev'n in death let love be crown'd,
My fair deſtruction guiltleſs found,
And I be thought with juſtice ſcorn'd:
Thus let me fall, unlov'd, unbleſt,
With all my load of woes oppreſt,
And ev'n too wretched to be mourn'd.

O thou! by whoſe deſtructive hate,
I'm hurried to this doleful fate,
When I'm no more, thy pity ſpare!
I dread thy tears: Oh ſpare them then——
But oh! I rave; I was too vain:
My death can never coſt a tear.

ECLOGUE IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Thelgon *and* Chromis *lament the degeneracy of the times, when the name and employment of a fisher is become despicable and opprobrious. Under this allegory is couched a complaint of the corruption and shameful life of the clergy: Their neglect of their charges; their oppression of their inferiors; and their haughtiness and uncontrouled ambition, are severely touch'd upon.* Thelgon *draws a parallel between these and the primitive heads of the church; and concludes, exhorting his friend, from the greatest of all examples, to persevere with constancy in his employment.*

ECLOGUE IV.

CHROMIS.

THELGON. CHROMIS.

I.

THELGON.

CHROMIS, my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?
And ſullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
But late thy time in hundred joyes thou ſpent'ſt;
Now time ſpends thee, while thou in vain lament'ſt.

II.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new;
But nets and pipe contemn'd and idle lie:
My little reed, that late ſo merry blew,
Tunes ſad notes to his maſter's miſery.
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rhimes,
And I as much hate both that hate and times.

III. THEL-

III.

THELGON.

What is it then that cauſeth thy unreſt?
Or wicked charms; or love's new-kindled fire?
Ah! much I fear, love eats thy tender breaſt;
Too well I know his never-quenched ire,
Since I Amyntas lov'd, who me diſdains;*
And loves in me naught but my grief and pains.

IV.

CHROMIS.

No lack of love did ever breed my ſmart;
I onely learn'd to pity others' pain,
And ward my breaſt from his deceiving art:
But one I love, and he loves me again:
In love this onely is my greateſt ſore,
He loves ſo much, and I can love no more.

V.

But when the fiſher's trade, once highly priz'd,
And juſtly honour'd in thoſe better times,
By every lozel-groom I ſee deſpis'd;
No marvel if I hate my jocund rhimes,
And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

IV. THEL-

* See Eclogue I.

VI.

THELGON.

Ah, fooliſh boy! why ſhould'ſt thou ſo lament
To be like him whom thou doſt like ſo well?
The prince of fiſhers thouſand torments rent.
To heaven, lad, thou art bound: the way by hell.
Would'ſt thou ador'd, and great, and merry be,
When he was mock'd, debas'd, and dead for thee?

VII.

Men's ſcorns ſhould rather joy than ſorrow move;
For then thou higheſt art when thou art down.
Their ſtorms of hate ſhould more blow up my love;
Their laughters my applauſe, their mocks my crown.
Sorrow for him, and ſhame let me betide,
Who for me, wretch, in ſhame and ſorrow died.

VIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, 'tis not myſelf for whom I plain;
My private loſſe full eaſie could I bear,
If private loſſe might help the publick gain:
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
Since now the fiſher's trade and honour'd name
Is made the common badge of ſcorn and ſhame?

IX.

Little know they the fiſher's toilſome pain,
Whoſe labour with his age, ſtill growing, ſpends not;
His care and watchings (oft miſpent in vain)
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.
Too fooliſh men, that think all labour ſtands
In travel of the feet or tired hands!

X.

Ah, wretched fiſhers! born to hate and ſtrife;
To others good, but to your rape and ſpoil.
This is the briefeſt ſumme of fiſher's life,
To ſweat, to freeze, to watch, to faſt, to toil;
Hated to love, to live deſpis'd, forlorn;
A ſorrow to himſelf, all others' ſcorn.

XI.

THELGON.

Too well I know the fiſher's thankleſſe pain;
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine:
To grudge at loſſe is fond, (too fond and vain),
When higheſt cauſes juſtly it aſſigne.
Who bites the ſtone, and yet the dog condemnes,
Much worſe is than the beaſt he ſo contemnes.

XII.

Chromis, how many fiſhers doſt thou know,
That rule their boats, and uſe their nets aright?
That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreſlow?
Such ſome have been; but, ah! by tempeſts' ſpite,
Their boats are loſt; while we may ſit and moan,
That few were ſuch, and now thoſe few are none.

XIII.

CHROMIS.

Ah, cruel ſpite, and ſpiteful crueltie,
That thus hath robb'd our joy and deſert ſhore!
No more our ſeas ſhall hear your melody; *
Your ſongs and thrilling pipes ſhall ſound no more:
Silent our ſhores, our ſeas are vacant quite.
Ah, ſpiteful crueltie, and cruel ſpite!

XIV.

THELGON.

Inſtead of theſe, a crew of idle grooms,
Idle and bold, that never ſaw the ſeas,
Fearleſſe ſucceed, and fill their empty rooms:
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and eaſe:

* See Eclogue II.

Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,
Their ruſty hooks all yeare keep holiday. *

XV. Here

* But too ſtriking a picture of the times in which it was wrote, and it were to be wiſh'd there were no reaſon for a more extenſive application of it.——Milton's character of the clergy, written but a few years after this of our poet, very nearly coincides in ſentiment.

Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two maſſy keys he bore, of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron ſhuts amain;)
He ſhook his mitred locks, and ſtern beſpake:
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Enow of ſuch as for their belly's ſake
Creep and intrude and climbe into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearer's feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt.
Blind mouthes! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold
A ſheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the leaſt
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? they are ſped:
And, when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel pipes of wretched ſtraw.
The hungry ſheep look up and are not fed,
But, ſwoln with winde, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:

Beſides

XV.

Here ſtray their ſkiffes, themſelves are never here;
Ne'er ſaw their boats: ill mought they fiſhers be:
Meantime ſome wanton boy the boat doth ſteer,
(Poor boat the while!) that cares as much as he:
Who in a brook a wherry cannot row,
Now backs the ſeas, before the ſeas he know.

XVI.

CHROMIS.

Ah, fooliſh lads! that think with waves to play,
And rule rough ſeas, which never knew command!
Firſt in ſome river thy new ſkill eſſay,
Till time and practiſe teach thy weakly hand:
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath:
Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

Beſides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

MILTON's Lycidas.

XVII.

THELGON.

Some, ſtretching in their boats, ſupinely ſleep,
Seaſons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:
Others their hooks and baits in poiſon ſteep, *
Neptune himſelf with deathful drugges infecting:
The fiſh their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the ſeas with venom'd ſtink.

XVIII.

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to ſee:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet eares; ſome dumbe, yet tongues will be:
Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde and maim'd; yet fiſhers all;
Fit for no uſe, but ſtore an hoſpital.

XIX.

Some greater, ſcorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ſhips (like courts) do dwell;
Slaving the ſkiffes that in their ſeas do float;
Their ſilken ſails with windes do proudly ſwell:

* Poiſonous and pernicious doctrines, which while the people adopt, along with divine and neceſſary truths, they may be properly ſaid to "drink their life and death together."

Their

Their narrow bottomes ſtretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxurie and pride. *

XX.

'Self did I ſee a ſwain not long ago,
Whoſe lordly ſhip kept all the reſt in aw:
About him thouſand boats do waiting row;
His frowns are death, his word is firmeſt law;

While

* This is not the firſt inſtance that we have of the poet's uſing the figure of a ſhip and ſeamen in an allegorical ſenſe. Sir David Lindſay, who wrote in the reign of James V. of Scotland, (about a hundred years before our poet) in ſpeaking of the clergy of his time, draws a picture which has a ſtriking reſemblance to this of Fletcher's, though in rougher meaſure.

——To Peter and Paul though they ſucceed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.

For Peter, Andrew, and John, were fiſhers fine,
Of men and women to the Chriſtian faith:
But they have ſpread their net, with hook and line,
On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
Such fiſhing to neglect they will be laith.
For why, they have fiſhed over-thwart ſtrands,
A great part truly of all temporal lands.

Chriſt

While all the fiſher-boyes their bonnets vail,
And farre adore their lord with ſtrucken ſail.

XXI.

His eare is ſhut to ſimple fiſher-ſwain;
For Gemma's ſelf (a ſea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain:
What hope poore fiſher-boy may come him nigh?
His ſpeech to her and preſence he denied.
Had Neptune come, Neptune he had defied.

Chriſt did command Peter to feed his ſheep;
And ſo he did them feed full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Chriſtes ſheep they ſpoil moſt piteouſly,
And with the wool they clothe them curiouſly:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
They eate their fleſh, and drink both milk and blood.

As who would make a ſteerſman to a barge
Of one blind born, which can no danger ſee:
If that ſhip drown, forſooth I ſay for me,
Who gave the ſteerſman ſuch commiſſion,
Should of the ſhip make reſtitution. &c.

Sir D. LINDSAY's Works, 3d B. of the Monarchy.

XXII. Where

XXII.

Where Tyber's ſwelling waves his banks o'erflow,
There princely fiſhers * dwell in courtly halls:
The trade they ſcorn, their hands forget to row;
Their trade, to plot their riſing, others' falls:
Into their ſeas to draw the leſſer brooks,
And fiſh for ſteeples high, with golden hooks.

XXIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, how can'ſt thou well that fiſher blame,
Who in his art ſo highly doth excel,
That with himſelf can raiſe the fiſher's name?
Well may he thrive, that ſpends his art ſo well.
Ah, little needs their honour to depreſſe:
Little it is; yet moſt would have it leſſe.

XXIV.

THELGON.

Alas, poor boy! thy ſhallow-ſwimming ſight
Can never dive into their deepeſt art,
Thoſe ſilken ſhows ſo dimme thy dazzled ſight.
Couldſt thou unmaſk their pomp, unbreaſt their heart,
How would'ſt thou laugh at this rich beggerie!
And learn to hate ſuch happy miſerie!

* The Popes.

XXV. Panting

XXV.

Panting ambition ſpurres their tired breaſt;
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear link'd to pride and threat,
(Too ill yok'd pairs) give them no time to reſt;
Tyrants to leſſer boats, ſlaves to the great.
That man I rather pitie than adore,
Who, fear'd by others much, fears others more.

XXVI.

Moſt curſed town, where but one tyrant reigns!
(Though leſſe his ſingle rage on many ſpent;)
But much more miſerie that ſoul remains,
When many tyrants in one heart are pent:
When thus thou ſerv'ſt, the comfort thou can'ſt have
From greatneſſe is, thou art a greater ſlave.

XXVII.

CHROMIS.

Ah, wretched ſwains, that live in fiſhers' trade;
With inward griefs and outward wants diſtreſs'd;
While every day doth more your ſorrow lade;
By others ſcorn'd, and by yourſelves oppreſs'd!
The great the greater ſerve, the leſſer theſe:
And all their art is how to riſe and pleaſe.

XXVIII. THEL-

XXVIII.

THELGON.

Thoſe fiſher-ſwains, from whom our trade doth flow,
That by the King of Seas their ſkill were taught,
As they their boats on Jordan wave did row,
And, catching fiſh, were by a fiſher caught;
(Ah, bleſſed chance!) much better was the trade,
That being fiſhers, thus were fiſhes made.

XXIX.

Thoſe happy ſwains, in outward ſhew unbleſt,
Were ſcourg'd, were ſcorn'd; yet was this loſſe their gain:
By land, by ſea, in life, in death diſtreſt;
But now with King of Seas ſecurely reigne:
For that ſhort wo in this baſe earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

XXX.

Then do not thou, my boy, caſt down thy minde,
But ſeek to pleaſe, with all thy buſie care,
The King of Seas; ſo ſhalt thou ſurely finde
Reſt, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy ſinging ceaſe:
And pray theſe tempeſts may be turn'd to peace.

XXXI.

Oh, Prince of waters! Sovereigne of ſeas!
Whom ſtorms and calms, whom windes and waves obey;
If ever that great fiſher did thee pleaſe,
Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay:
So on thy ſhores the fiſher-boyes ſhall ſing
Sweet ſongs of peace to our ſweet peace's King.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE V.

The ARGUMENT.

Algon, *walking ſorrowfully along the banks of the* Trent, *is met by* Damon, *who kindly enquires the cauſe of his affliction; but at the ſame time upbraids him, that, while all nature is gay and joyful, he alone ſhould grieve.* Algon *deſcribes his feelings, and* Damon *from thence diſcovers his paſſion for* Nicæa. Algon *complains of his fate, and* Damon *comforts him by teaching him how to win his miſtreſs's affection.* Nicæa *herſelf is introduced, and yields at length to the ſuit of* Algon, *and interceſſion of* Damon.

ECLOGUE V.

NICÆA.

DAMON, ALGON, NICÆA.

I.

THE well-known fiſher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah, for pity!) mirth had chang'd;
Which from the Muſes' ſpring and churliſh Chame
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his ſhame;
For he with ſpite the gentle boy eſtrang'd:)
Now 'long the Trent* with his new fellows rang'd:
There Damon (friendly Damon!) met the boy,
Where lordly Trent kiſſes the Darwin coy,
Bathing his liquid ſtreams in lovers' melting joy.

* Trent is the third river of note in England: It riſes by Mowcon-hill near Cheſhire, and, after a long paſſage, loſes itſelf in the great æſtuary of Humber. It is ſaid to derive its name from thirty rivers which it receives in its courſe.

II. DA-

II.

DAMON.

Algon, what luckleſſe ſtarre thy mirth hath blaſted?
My joy in thee, and thou in ſorrow drown'd.
The yeare, with winter ſtorms all rent and waſted,
Hath now freſh youth and gentler ſeaſons taſted:
The warmer ſun his bride hath newly gown'd,
With firie arms clipping the wanton ground,
And 'gets an heaven on earth: that primroſe there,
Which 'mongſt thoſe vi'lets ſheds his golden hair,
Seems the ſunne's little ſonne, fixt in his azure ſpheare.

III.

Seeſt how the dancing lambes on flow'rie banks
Forget their food, to mind their ſweeter play?
Seeſt how they ſkip, and, in their wanton pranks,
Bound o'er the hillocks ſet in ſportful ranks?
They ſkip, they vault, full little caren they
To make their milkie mothers bleating ſtay.
Seeſt how the ſalmons (water's colder nation)
Lately arriv'd from their ſea-navigation,
How joy leaps in their heart, ſhew by their leaping faſhion. *

IV. What

* The ſalmon, during the winter ſeaſon, conſtantly frequents the ſea, where the water is warmer, and not ſubject to be frozen,

as

IV.

What witch enchants thy minde with ſullen madneſſe?
When all things ſmile, thou only ſit'ſt complaining.

ALGON.

Damon, I, only I, have cauſe of ſadneſſe:
The more my wo, to weep in common gladneſſe:
When all eyes ſhine, mine only muſt be raining;
No winter now, but in my breaſt, remaining:

Yet

as the rivers are; but, upon the approach of ſpring, they ſteer up the rivers, where, in the warm weather, they depoſite their ſpawn. Their power of ſurmounting the moſt ſurpriſing obſtacles in their way, is as well known as it is curious. When a weire or a flood-gate comes in their way, they will not take their leap immediately, but remain ſtill for a while in ſome pool, till they gather ſtrength after the fatigue of ſwimming, and then coming below the flood-gate, they bend themſelves in a circle, with their tail in their mouth, and, exerting their utmoſt force, ſpring upwards ſometimes to the height of eight feet perpendicular.

This is deſcribed by *Auſonius*;

Nec te puniceo rutilantem viſcere, *Salmo*,
Tranſierim, latæ cujus vaga verbera caudæ
Gurgite de medio ſummas referuntur in undas.

And our countryman, the ingenious Mr. Moſes Browne, in his excellent Piſcatory Eclogues, has given a very accurate and poetical repreſentation of what I have here related, from which I ſhall tranſcribe a few lines.

What

Yet feels this breaſt a ſummer's burning fever:
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and conſumes me ever.

V.

DAMON.

Within our Darwin *, in her rockie cell,
A nymph there lives, which thouſand boyes hath harm'd;
All as ſhe gliding rides in boats of ſhell,
Darting her eyes, (where ſpite and beauty dwell:
Ay me, that ſpite with beautie ſhould be arm'd!)
Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.

No

What various tribes to Ocean's realms belong,
He taught and number'd in his changing ſong:
How, wand'ring from the main, the ſalmon-broods
Their ſummer pleaſures ſeek in freſher floods;
With ſtrength incredible, the ſcaly race
O'er rocks and weires their upward paſſage trace:
Bent head to tail, in an elaſtic ring,
Safe o'er the ſteepeſt precipice they ſpring.
In Tivy's ſtream, a rock of ancient fame,
Still bears of ſalmon-leap th'according name.

Ecl. iv. l. 68.

* The Darwin, or Derwent, a large and beautiful river, takes its riſe in the Peak-hills of Derbyſhire, and, after a courſe of thirty miles,

No ſooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous crueltie!)
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

VI.

ALGON.

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art
By theſe few ſigns to ſearch ſo ſoon, ſo well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my feſter'd heart,
Pierc'd by her eye, Love's and Death's pleaſing dart?
Ah, ſhe it is, an earthly heav'n and hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with ſugred ſpell.
Eaſe thou my wound: But, ah! what hand can eaſe
Or give a med'cine that ſuch wound may pleaſe;
When ſhe, my ſole phyſician, is my ſoul's diſeaſe?

miles, ſometimes among huge rocks, and ſometimes through beautiful meadows, falls into the Trent below Elwaſton. The whole county of Derby (and the banks of this river in particular) are remarkable for the agreeable viciſſitude of wild and cultivated ſcenes; and I have heard it well named the Epitome of Great-Britain: for, in a few hours travelling, one may have a ſpecimen by turns of all the different beauties of every county, from the richeſt and moſt cultivated to the wildeſt and moſt romantic.

VII.

DAMON.

Poore boy! the wounds which ſpite and love impart,
There is no ward to fence, no herb to eaſe.
Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart:
Hell's Lethe's ſelf cools not his burning ſmart:
The fiſhes cold flame with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
And want their water in the midſt of ſeas:
All are his ſlaves, hell, earth, and heaven above.
Strive not i'th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
Give, woo, ſigh, weep, and pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

VIII.

ALGON.

If for thy love no other cure there be,
Love, thou art cureleſſe: gifts, pray'rs, vows, and art,
She ſcorns both you and me: nay, Love, even thee:
Thou ſigh'ſt her priſoner, while ſhe laughs as free.
Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have tried, and ſhow'd the earnful ſmart
Which eats my breaſt: ſhe laughs at all my pain:
Art, pray'rs, vows, gifts, love, grief, ſhe does diſdain:
Grief, love, gifts, vows, pray'rs, art, ye all are ſpent in vain.

IX. DA-

IX.

DAMON.

Algon, oft haſt thou fiſh'd, but ſped not ſtraight;
With hook and net thou beat'ſt the water round:
Oft-times the place thou changeſt, oft the bait;
And, catching nothing, ſtill and ſtill doſt wait:
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found
In deſp'rate cures a ſalve for ev'ry wound.
The fiſh, long playing with the baited hook,
At laſt is caught: thus many a nymph is took;
Mocking the ſtrokes of love, is with her ſtriking ſtrook.

X.

ALGON.

The marble's ſelf is pierc'd with drops of rain:
Fires ſoften ſteel, and hardeſt metals try:
But ſhe more hard than both: ſuch her diſdain,
That ſeas of tears, Ætnas of love are vain.
In her ſtrange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die;)
Still reigns a cold, coy, careleſs apathie.
The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard ſtone
With goats blood only ſoft'ned *; ſhe with none:
More precious ſhe, and ah more hard than diamond,

* A ſtone called Nicea, which has that fabulous property here remarked.

XI.

That rock I think her mother: thence ſhe took
Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, ſee!
See where ſhe comes, arm'd with a line and hook*:
Tell me, perhaps thou think'ſt in that ſweet look
The white is beauty's native tapeſtrie?
'Tis cryſtalle, friend, yc'd in the frozen ſea:

The

* The women here are deſcribed as fiſhing, not with the net, but with the line and hook, which is a manner of fiſhing leſs laborious and more pleaſing. The practice of angling with the line and rod has been known in all ages, as appears from the oldeſt of the claſſical writers, and from many paſſages in Scripture: Job, chap. xli. 1, 2.—Amos, chap. iv. 2.—Iſaiah, chap. xix. 8. Some have ſuppoſed it to have been invented with other uſeful arts by Seth the ſon of Adam.

Theocritus, in his Eclogue of the Fiſhers, not only deſcribes the manner of playing the bait, but all the materials for angling, as the line made of horſe-hair, &c.—That angling was in uſe *as an amuſement* in ancient days, appears from many authorities, particularly from the humourous ſtory of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Anthony took particular pleaſure in angling, and Cleopatra and he uſed often to amuſe themſelves with that recreation; but being one day attended with bad luck, and much concerned to appear before the Queen without his uſual addreſs and good fortune, he gave orders to ſome of his fiſhermen to dive ſecretly under water, and to faſten to his hook ſome of the largeſt fiſhes which they had taken in their nets. His orders were punctually executed:

The red is rubie; theſe two, joyn'd in one,
Make up that beauteous frame; the difference none
But this, ſhe is a precious, living, ſpeaking ſtone.

XII. DA-

executed: Cleopatra expreſs'd in appearance great ſurprize and admiration every time he drew up his line; but being well appriſed of the artifice, ſhe cauſed one of her own attendants to dive ſecretly under water, and to faſten to Anthony's hook a large dried fiſh of that kind which is brought from Pontus. When Antony drew up his line, the whole company was highly diverted at the ſight of the ſalt-fiſh, and laugh'd heartily at the Triumvir's extraordinary good luck; but he putting on a ſerious air, and ſeeming not to reliſh the joke, the Queen took him in her arms, Leave, ſaid ſhe, good General, leave the angling line to us Kings and Queens of Pharos and Canopus; it becomes you to angle for cities, kingdoms, and princes.——*Plutarch, Marc. Anton.*

The amuſement of angling is one of thoſe which are moſt natural to man, as well as moſt delightful. We may account for our reliſh for this, as well as for ſome others of the like ſports, from an original and inſtinctive principle in our nature. In the early ages of ſociety, man has recourſe to fiſhing, hunting, and fowling, for his ſole ſubſiſtence: he is inſtructed by natural inſtinct in the means of rendering inferior animals ſubſervient to his uſe; and Providence has bountifully ordained, that thoſe actions which are neceſſary for our preſervation, ſhould conſtantly be attended with a ſenſe of pleaſure. It is not then to be wondered at, that we ſhould take delight in that as an amuſement, on which, in particular circumſtances, we muſt depend for our ſupport.

The

XII.

DAMON.

No gemme ſo coſtly but with coſt is bought:
The hardeſt ſtone is cut and fram'd by art:
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if ſought:
Be ſhe a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeals, thy fainting ſteels her heart,
I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part:

Alcides

The innocence of angling, and the beautiful ſcene with which it is acquainted, have particularly recommended it to many men of genius, eſpecially ſuch as are fond of retirement and contemplation. Were I to enumerate theſe, I ſhould mention a *Wotton*, a *Waller*, a *Gay*, and indeed innumerable others; ſome of whom who have given proofs of a genius ſuited to a higher theme, have not diſdained to employ their pen on the ſubject of angling. Of theſe I ſhall but mention one, who from eminence is ſtiled, the Father of Anglers; the amiable Mr. *Iſaac Walton*. His book is indeed a treaſure; and the teſt of its merit is, that it recommends itſelf to *all* readers, even to thoſe who have not the leaſt inclination to the art which it teaches. The delightful ſcenes which he ſo artleſsly deſcribes, the ingenious ſimplicity of his obſervations, and the candour and honeſty of heart which ſhine in every page, have well entitled it to the rank of a claſſical performance.—*Walton's Compleat Angler* has gone through many editions, the beſt of which is that publiſhed in 1760, with critical and explanatory notes by Mr. Hawkins of Twickenham, whoſe ſentiments and ſtile are peculiarly adapted to thoſe of the author

whom

Alcides' ſelf would never combat two.
Take courge, Algon; I will teach thee woo.
Cold beggars freeze our gifts: thy faint ſuit breeds
her no.

XIII. DA-

whom he illuſtrates. *Walton* was likewiſe an excellent biographer, and wrote the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Biſhop Sanderſon, Mr. George Herbert, and Mr. Richard Hooker, all of them his cotemporaries.

While upon the ſubject of the pleaſures of angling, I will tranſcribe, as a ſpecimen of the powers of a modern to imitate the older poets, a ſhort paſſage which has many beauties.

Let us our ſteps direct where Father-Thame
In ſilver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval ſtream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain:
Or by the banks of Iſis ſhall we ſtray,
(Ah, why ſo long from Iſis' banks away!)
Where thouſand damſels dance, and thouſand ſhepherds play?

Amid the pleaſaunce of Arcadian ſcenes,
Love ſteals his ſilent arrows on my breaſt;
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,
Can ſoothe my anguiſh, or invite to reſt.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my ſmart:
The apple of mine eye! the life-blood of my heart!

Wit-

XIII.

Speak to her boy.

ALGON.

Love is more deaf than blinde.

DAMON.

She muſt be woo'd.

ALGON.

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

DAMON.

Speech is love's dart.

ALGON.

Silence beſt ſpeaks the minde.

DAMON.

Her eye invites.

ALGON.

Thence love and death I finde.

DAM. Her

With line of ſilk, with hook of barbed ſteel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lye,
And from the water's cryſtal boſom ſteal
Upon the graſſy bank the finny prey:
The perch, with purple ſpeckled many fold;
The eel, in ſilver lab'rinth ſelf-inrol'd,
And carp, all burniſh'd o'er with drops of ſcaly gold.

Or ſhall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And Nature's pencil gay diverſify'd,
(For now the ſun hath lick'd away the dews),
Fair-flufhing, and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?

Thither

DAMON.

Her ſmiles ſpeak peace.

ALGON.

Storms breed in ſmiling ſkies.

DAMON.

Who ſilent loves?

ALGON.

Whom ſpeech all hope denies.

DAMON.

Why ſhould'ſt thou fear?

ALGON.

To Love, Fear's near a-kin.

DAMON.

Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin,
Spite of her ſcorn, thy fear, I'll make thee woo and win.

Thither, for they invite us, we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is ſweet and fair)
A poſy for thy breaſt, a garland for thy hair.

HYMN to MAY, by W. THOMPSON.

William Thompſon, an excellent modern poet, was a profeſſed admirer of Phinehas Fletcher's poetry, and in his preface to the beautiful hymn to May, from which the above ſtanzas are taken, he declares he intended that compoſition as an imitation of Fletcher and of Spenſer.——His poems are printed at Oxford, 1757.

XIV.

What, ho! thou faireſt maid, turn back thine oare,
And gently deigne to help a fiſher's ſmart.

NICÆA.

Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?
If thou deſir'ſt my help, unhide the ſore.

DAMON.

Ah, gentleſt nymph! oft have I heard, thy art
Can ſov'raigne herbs to ev'ry grief impart:
So may'ſt thon live the fiſher's ſong and joy,
As thou wilt deigne to cure this ſickly boy.
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy;

XV.

His inward grief in outward change appears;
His cheeks with ſudden fires bright-flaming glow;
Which, quench'd, end all in aſhes: Storms of teares
Becloud his eyes, which ſoon forc'd ſmiling cleares:
Thick tides of paſſions ever ebbe and flow:
And as his fleſh ſtill waſtes, his griefs ſtill grow.

NICÆA.

Damon, the wounds deep-rankling in the minde
What herbs could ever cure? what art could finde?
Blinde are mine eyes to ſee wounds in the ſoul moſt blinde.

XVI. AL-

XVI.

ALGON.

Hard maid! 'tis worſe to mock than make a wound:
Why ſhould'ſt thou then (fair-cruel!) ſcorn to ſee
What thou by ſeeing mad'ſt? my ſorrow's ground
Was in thy eye, may by thine eye be found:
How can thine eye moſt ſharp in wounding be,
In ſeeing dull? theſe two are one in thee,
To ſee and wound by ſight: thine eye the dart.
Fair-cruel maid, thou well haſt learnt the art,
With the ſame eye to ſee, to wound, to cure my heart.

XVII.

NICÆA.

What cures thy wounded heart?

ALGON.

Thy heart ſo wounded.

NICÆA.

Is't love to wound thy love?

ALGON.

Love's wounds are pleaſing.

NICÆA.

Why plain'ſt thou then?

ALGON.

Becauſe thou art unwounded.
Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

NICÆA.

Cures are diſeaſes, when the wounds are eaſing:
Why would'ſt thou have me pleaſe thee by diſpleaſing?

ALGON.

Scorn'd love is death; love's mutual wounds delighting:
Happie thy love, my love to thine uniting.
Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requiting.

XVIII.

DAMON.

What lives alone Nicea? ſtarres moſt chaſte *
Have their conjunctions, ſpheares their mixt embraces,
And mutual folds. Nothing can ſingle laſt:
But die in living, in increaſing waſte.

* ——Amante e il Cielo, amante
La terra, amante il mare.
Quella, che là sù miri inanzi a l'alba
Coſi leggiadra ſtella,
Arde d'amor anch'ella, ed eſſa che'nnamora
Innamorata ſplende:
E queſta è forſe l'hora
Che le furtive ſue dolcezze, e'l ſeno
Del caro amante laſſa,
Vedila pur come sfavilla e ride.

Paſtor Fido di GUARINI, act. 1. ſc. 1.

NIC. Their

NICÆA.

Their joying perfects them, but us defaces.

ALGON.

That's perfect which obtains his end: your graces
Receive their end in love. She that's alone
Dies as she lives: no number is in one:
Thus while she's but herself, she's not herself, she's none.

XIX.

NICÆA.

Why blam'st thou then my stonie hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art.*

ALGON.

Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection,
Married to mine, makes mine and thy perfection.

NICÆA.

Well, then, to pass our Tryphon in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;

* This dialogue, between the lover and his mistress, is by far too pedantic and affected. Reasoning at any rate, in making love, is absurd and unnatural, as I imagine few mistresses have ever been convinced by argumentation into an affection for their lovers. Much more is this pointed and quibbling manner of arguing to be condemned, and all that can be alledged in the author's vindication is, that depraved taste, now happily exploded, but which prevailed universally at the time he wrote, and had not lost much ground even in the time of Cowley and Waller.

If faireſt Darwin, whom I ſerve, approve
Thy ſuit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove,
I'll join my heart to thine, and anſwer thee in love.

XX.

The ſunne is ſet; adieu.

ALGON.

'Tis ſet to me;
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy preſence light.

NICÆA.

Farewell.

ALGON.

Thou giv'ſt thy wiſh; it is in thee:
Unleſſe thou wilt, hapleſſe I cannot be.

DAMON.

Come, Algon, cheerly home; the thieviſh night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of ſight.
The ſilver ſtreams grow black: home let us coaſt:
There of Love's conqueſt may we ſafely boaſt:
Sooneſt in love he winnes, that oft in love hath loſt.

ECLOGUE VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Thomalin *is painted lying oppreſs'd with grief on the banks of* Chame. Thirſil *his friend endeavours to comfort him, and enquires the cauſe of his affliction.* Thomalin *deſcribes to him his feelings, but is ignorant of the cauſe till* Thirſil *diſcovers that he is in love, and from his own experience enumerates the various diſguiſes which love aſſumes to enter the heart.* Thirſil *then endeavours to ſubdue his friend's paſſion, by ſhowing the weakneſs of the cauſes which gave riſe to it; in which he partly ſucceeds, by* Thomalin's *being willing to be cured of his diſeaſe.*

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE VI.

THOMALIN.

THIRSIL. THOMALIN.

I.

A Fisher-boy, that never knew his peer
In dainty songs, the gentle Thomalin,
With folded arms, deep sighs, and heavy cheer,
Where hundred nymphs, and hundred muses inne,
Sunk down by Chamus' brinks; with him his deare *
Deare Thirsil lay; oft-times would he begin
To cure his grief, and better way advise;
But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,
Forsook his silent tongue, to speak in watrie eyes.

II.

Under a sprouting vine they careless lie,
Whose tender leaves bit with the eastern blast,
But now were born, and now began to die;
The latter, warned by the former's haste,
Thinly for fear salute the envious skie:
Thus as they sat, Thirsil, embracing fast

* The Chame and Cambridge have been consecrated to the Muses from a very early age.——See Ecl. i. v. 7. and the note.

His loved friend, feeling his panting heart
To give no reſt to his increaſing ſmart,
At length thus ſpake, while ſighs words to his griefs impart.

III.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, I ſee thy Thirſil thou neglecteſt,
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear
Thy Thirſil's love and counſel thou rejecteſt;
Thy ſoul was wont to lodge within my eare:
But now that port no longer thou reſpecteſt;
Yet hath it ſtill been ſafely harbour'd there.
My eare is not acquainted with my tongue,
That either tongue or eare ſhould do thee wrong:
Why then ſhould'ſt thou conceal thy hidden grief ſo long?

IV.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, it is thy love that makes me hide
My ſmother'd grief from thy known faithful eare:
May ſtill my Thirſil ſafe and merry bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breaſt in hav'n doth ſafely ride,
My greater half with thee rides ſafely there.

THIR-

THIRSIL.

So thou art well; but ſtill my better part,
My Thomalin, ſinks laden with his ſmart:
Thus thou my finger cur'ſt, and wounds my bleeding heart.

V.

How oft hath Thomalin to Thirſil vow'd,
That as his heart ſo he his love eſteemed?
Where are thoſe oaths? where is that heart beſtow'd
Which hides it from that breaſt which deare it deemed,
And to that heart room in his heart allow'd?
That love was never love, but only ſeem'd.
Tell me, my Thomalin, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my lieſeſt lief:
Thou little lov'ſt me, friend, if more thou lov'ſt thy grief.

VI.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, my joyous ſpring is blaſted quite,
And winter ſtorms prevent the ſummer's ray:
All as this vine, whoſe green the eaſtern ſpite
Hath dy'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Mar'l winter comes ſo ſoon, in firſt of May.

THIRSIL.

Yet ſee, the leaves do freſhly bud again:
Thou drooping ſtill dy'ſt in this heavie ſtrain:
Nor can I ſee or end or cauſe of all thy pain.

VII.

THOMALIN.

No marvel, Thirſil, if thou doſt not know
This grief which in my heart lies deeply drown'd;
My heart itſelf, though well it feels this wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worſe my wound,
Which, though I rankling finde, I cannot ſhow.
Thouſand fond paſſions in my breaſt abound;
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope, and deſpair, together,*
Sighs bound to ſmiles, my heart, though prone to either,
While both it would obey, 'twixt both, obeyeth neither.

* Muſæus's *Leander* is in a ſituation ſtill more ſtrange than our Thomalin, for, upon the ſight of his miſtreſs *Hero*, he is at one and the ſame time ſtupid, impudent, baſhful and timorous.

Εἷλε δὲ μὶν τοτὲ θαμβος, ἀναιδίη, τρόμος, αἰδως.

MUSÆI Hero & Leand.

VIII. Oft

VIII.

Oft bluſhing flames leap up into my face,
My guiltleſs cheek ſuch purple flaſh admires:
Oft ſtealing tears ſlip from mine eyes apace,
As if they meant to quench thoſe cauſeleſſe fires.
My good I hate, my hurt I glad embrace:
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy deſires:
I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing;
My wiſhes know no want, yet ſtill deſiring:
Hope knows not what to hope, yet ſtill in hope aſpiring. *

IX.

THIRSIL.

Too true my fears: alas no wicked ſprite,
No writhel'd witch, with ſpells of pow'rful charms,
Or helliſh herbs digg'd in as helliſh night,
Gives to thy heart theſe oft and fierce alarms:
But love, too hateful love, with pleaſing ſpite,
And ſpiteful pleaſure, thus hath bred thy harms;

* Theſe have been the avowed feelings of lovers in all ages: Let every man who knows himſelf ſuch, compare them with his own.

Adeon' homines immutari ex amore, ut non cognoſcas eundem eſſe? TERENT. Eun.

And

And ſeeks thy mirth with pleaſance to deſtroy.
'Tis love, my Thomalin, my liefeſt boy;
'Tis love robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

X.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, I ken not what is hate or love,
Thee well I love, and thou lov'ſt me as well;
Yet joy, no torment, in this paſſion prove:
But often have I heard the fiſhers tell,
He's not inferior to the mighty Jove;
Jove heav'n rules, Love, Jove, heav'n, earth, and hell:
Tell me, my friend, if thou doſt better know:
Men ſay, he goes arm'd with his ſhafts and bow:
Two darts, one ſwift as fire, as lead the other ſlow.

XI.

THIRSIL.

Ah, heedleſſe boy! Love is not ſuch a lad
As he is fancied by the idle ſwain;
With bow and ſhafts and purple feathers clad;
Such as Diana (with her buſkin'd train
Of armed nymphs, along the foreſts glade
With golden quivers,) in Theſſalian plain,

In

In level race outſtrips the jumping deer,
With nimble feet; or with a mighty ſpear
Flings down a briſtled boare, or elſe a ſqualid beare.

XII.

Love's ſooner felt than ſeen: his ſubſtance thinne
Betwixt thoſe ſnowy mounts in ambuſh lies:
Oft in the eyes he ſpreads his ſubtle ginne; *
He therefore ſooneſt winnes that faſteſt flies.
Fly thence, my deare, fly faſt, my Thomalin:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappie ſoul that thence his nectar ſips,
While down into his heart the ſugred poiſon ſlips!

* Mà qual coſa è piu picciola d'amore
Se in ogni breve ſpatio entra e s'aſconde,
In ogni breve ſpatio? hor ſotto a l'ombra
De le palpebre, hor tra minuti rivi
D'un biondo crine, hor dentro le pozzette
Che forman un dolce riſo in bella guancia;
E pur fa tanto grandi e ſi mortali
E coſi immedicabili le piaghe.

AMINTA di TASSO, act. 2. ſc. 1.

XIII. Oft

XIII.

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare;
Oft from a bluſhing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft ſhrouds his golden flame in likeſt hair: *
Oft in a ſoft ſmooth ſkin doth cloſe retire:
Oft in a ſmile, oft in a ſilent tear:
And if all fail, yet virtue's ſelf he'll hire:
Himſelf's

* Golden hair, or, as a humourous ſong calls it, claſſical hair, is reckoned by Porta, and the phyſiognomiſts, a mark of a warm and amorous diſpoſition. Many people are apt to be ſurpriſed with the encomiums which the poets in all ages have laviſhed on golden locks: the epithet is now become ſo familiar from being often applied to expreſs beauty, that it naturally conveys to the *ear* an agreeable idea, and yet they find the *eye* diſguſted whenever they meet with it in nature. Theſe people are in a miſtake. The golden hair which is celebrated by the poets is not that fiery complexion of hair which we meet with frequently in this country; nor has the one more reſemblance to the other than the colour of a burning coal to the golden beams of the ſun. Let them contemplate the pictures of Guido, of Titian, and the capital painters; and in their female figures they will admire the beauties of the golden hair. It is indeed a colour which, I believe, is not at all to be met with in our northern climates. In Italy, we are told, that this colour is in the higheſt eſtimation; and, even there, its being very uncommon contributes to increaſe its beauty. It is from that country, and its painters and poets, that

Himſelf's a dart, when nothing elſe can move.
Who then the captive ſoul can well reprove,
When Love and Virtue's ſelf become the darts of Love?

XIV.

THOMALIN.

Sure Love it is which breeds this burning fever:
For late, (yet all too ſoon,) on Venus' day,
I chanc'd, (oh curſed chance; yet bleſſed ever!)
As careleſſe on the ſilent ſhores I ſtray,
Five nymphs to ſee, five fairer ſaw I never,
Upon the golden ſand to dance and play:
The reſt among, yet far above the reſt,
Sweet Melite, by whom my wounded breaſt,
Tho' rankling ſtill in grief, yet joyes in his unreſt.

XV.

There, to their ſportings while I pipe and ſing,
Out from her eyes I felt a firie beam,
And pleaſing heat, (ſuch as in firſt of ſpring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly ſtream;)
To warm my heart, and with a gentle ſting
Blow up deſire: yet little did I dream

that our imitators have learned to cry up the beauties of the golden locks; but the epithet is ill ſuited, becauſe in theſe climes it repreſents a picture which has nothing new or uncommon to recommend it, and is rather diſagreeable than pleaſing.

Such bitter fruits from ſuch ſweet roots could grow,
Or from ſo gentle eye ſuch ſpite could flow;
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of ſnow? *

XVI. But

* I here give the reader a ſmall poem from a manuſcript of Sir John Harrington, the tranſlator of Arioſto, 1564, of exceeding elegance of ſtile, conſidering the age when it was wrote.

"A Sonnet made on ISABELLA MARKHAME, when I firſt "thoughte her fayre, as ſhe ſtood at the Princeſſe's win-"dowe in goodlye attyre, and talkede to diverſe in the "courte-yarde."

Whence comes my love, O hearte, diſcloſe:
'Twas from cheekes that ſham'd the roſe;
From lyppes that ſpoyle the rubie's prayſe;
From eyes that mocke the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne;
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke ſtone.

The bluſhynge cheeke ſpeaks modeſt mynde,
The lyppes befitting wordes moſt kynde;
The eye does tempte to Love's deſyre,
And ſeems to ſay, 'tis Cupid's fyre;
Yet all ſo fayre but ſpeake my moane,
Syth nought doth ſaye the hearte of ſtone.

Why

XVI.

But when thoſe lips (thoſe melting lips) I preſt,
I loſt my heart, which ſure ſhe ſtole away;
For with a bluſh ſhe ſoon her guilt confeſt,
And ſighs, which ſweeteſt breath did ſoft convey,
Betrai'd her theft: from thence my flaming breaſt,
Like thund'ring Ætna burns both night and day:
All day ſhe preſent is, and, in the night,
My wakeful fancy paints her full to ſight:
Abſence her preſence makes, darkneſſe preſents her light.

XVII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, too well thoſe bitter ſweets I know,
Since fair Nicæa bred my pleaſing ſmart:
But better times did better reaſon ſhow,
And cur'd thoſe burning wounds with heav'nly art
Thoſe ſtorms of looſer fire are laid full low;
And higher love ſafe anchors in my heart:

Why thus, my love, ſo kynde, beſpeake
Sweet lyppe, ſweet eye, ſweet bluſhynge cheeke;
Yet not a hearte to ſave my payne?
O Venus, take thy gifts again;
Make not ſo faire, to cauſe our moane,
Or make a hearte that's like our owne.

So now a quiet calm does ſafely reigne.
And if my friend think not my counſel vain,
Perhaps my art may cure, or much aſſuage thy pain.

XVIII.

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, although this witching grief doth pleaſe
My captive heart, and Love doth more deteſt
The cure and curer than the ſweet diſeaſe;
Yet if my Thirſil doth the cure requeſt,
This ſtorm, which rocks my heart in ſlumbring eaſe,
Spite of itſelf ſhall yield to thy beheſt.

THIRSIL.

Then hark how Tryphon's ſelf did ſalve my paining
While in a rock I ſat, of love complaining;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counſel ſage
reſtraining.

XIX.

But tell me firſt, Why ſhould thy partial minde
More Melite than all the reſt approve?

THOMALIN.

Thirſil, her beautie all the reſt did blinde,
That ſhe alone ſeem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and ſweetneſſe ſhin'd:
Her eyes do ſpark as ſtarres, as ſtarres do move:

Like

Like thoſe twin fires which on our maſts appear,*
And promiſe calms. Ah! that thoſe flames ſo clear,
To me alone ſhould raiſe ſuch ſtorms of hope and fear.

XX.

THIRSIL.

If that which to thy mind doth worthieſt ſeem,
By thy well temper'd ſoul is moſt affected;
Can'ſt thou a face worthy thy love eſteem?
What in thy ſoul than Love is more reſpected?
Thoſe eyes which in their ſpheare thou, fond, doſt deem
Like living ſtarres, with ſome diſeaſe infected,

* The appearance of a light or fire on the top of the maſt, is well known and familiar to ſailors. The ancients, who underſtood not the principles of electricity, from which this phenomenon is accounted for, ſuppoſed it a mark either of the favour or diſpleaſure of the gods; for, when only one fire was ſeen upon the maſt, it was accounted an unlucky omen, and prefaging a ſtorm; when two appeared, it was eſteemed favourable, and promiſing good weather. Theſe lights had ſometimes the names of Caſtor and Pollux, who were the ſons of Jupiter by Leda, and were ſuppoſed to be transformed into ſtars. Concerning this belief of the ancients, ſee Pliny, lib. 2. cap. 27. Hygin, lib. 27. Horace, lib. 1. od. 12. See alſo Magellan's Voyages, where they are mentioned by the names of St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. Clare.

Are

Are dull as leaden droſſe: thoſe beauteous rayes,
So like a roſe when ſhe her breaſt diſplayes,
Are like a roſe indeed; as ſweet, as ſoon decayes. *

XXI.

Art thou in love with wordes? her words are winde,
As fleete as is their matter, fleeteſt air.
Her beautie moves? Can colours move thy minde?
Colours in ſcorned weeds more ſweet and fair.
Some pleaſing qualitie thy thoughts doth binde?
Love then thyſelf. Perhaps her golden hair?
Falſe metal, which to ſilver ſoon deſcends!
Is't pleaſure then which ſo thy fancie bends?
Poore pleaſure, that in pain begins, in ſorrow ends!

* I have ſeen a very elegant epigram, of which I know not the author, where this ſentiment of the ſhort duration of the roſe is prettily expreſs'd.

Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa roſarum
Quas pubeſcentes juncta ſenecta premit.
Quam modo naſcentem rutilus conſpexit eoüs,
Hanc rediens ſero veſpere vidit anum.

XXII.

What? is't her company ſo much contents thee?
How would ſhe preſent ſtirre up ſtormy weather,
When thus in abſence preſent ſhe torments thee?
Lov'ſt thou not one, but all theſe joyn'd together?
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?
Light windes, light aire; her love more light than either.
If then due worth thy true affection moves,
Here is no worth. Who ſome old hag approves,
And ſcorns a beauteous ſpouſe, he rather dotes than loves.

XXIII.

Then let thy love mount from theſe baſer things,
And to the higheſt love and worth aſpire:
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,
That, at his higheſt, he might winde him higher;
Baſe love, that to baſe earth ſo baſely clings!
Look, as the beams of that celeſtial fire
Put out theſe earthly flames with purer ray;
So ſhall that love this baſer heat allay,
And quench theſe coals of earth with his more heav'nly day.

XXIV. Raiſe

XXIV.

Raiſe then thy proſtrate love with tow'ring thought;
And clog it not in chains, and priſon here:
The God of fiſhers deare thy love hath bought:
Moſt deare he loves: for ſhame, love thou as deare.
Next, love thou there, where beſt thy love is ſought;
Myſelf, or elſe ſome other fitting peer.
Ah, might thy love with me for ever dwell!
Why ſhould'ſt thou hate thy heav'n and love thy hell?
She ſhall not more deſerve, nor cannot love ſo well.

XXV.

Thus Tryphon once did weane my fond affection;
Then fits a ſalve unto th' infected place,
(A ſalve of ſoveraigne and ſtrange confection),
Nepenthe, mix'd with rue and herb-de-grace:
So did he quickly heal this ſtrong infection,
And to myſelf reſtor'd myſelf apace.
Yet did he not my love extinguiſh quite:
I love with ſweeter love, and more delight:
But moſt I love that love, which to my love has right.

XXVI.

THOMALIN.

Thrice happy thou that could'ſt! my weaker minde
Can never learn to climbe ſo lofty flight.

THIRSIL.

If from this love thy will thou canſt unbinde,
To will is here to can: will gives thee might:
'Tis done if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I finde.
Now let us home: for ſee, the creeping night
Steals from thoſe further waves upon the land.
To-morrow ſhall we feaſt; then, hand in hand,
Free will we ſing, and dance along the golden ſand.

ECLOGUE VII.

The ARGUMENT.

At ſunriſe, a band of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes are ſeen advancing in order, and are joined by a troop of fiſhers and water-nymphs, who had concerted to diſpute with them the prize of ſinging. Daphnis, *the ſhepherd's, and* Thomalin, *the fiſher's champion, advance in the middle of the circle, before* Thirſil, *who is appointed judge, and begin an alternate ſong, in which, after invoking their tutelary gods, they each recite the hiſtory of their loves, and the praiſes of their miſtreſſes. After deciding the controverſy,* Thirſil, *the judge, gives an invitation to all the ſhepherds and fiſhers, with their nymphs, and with him the day is ſpent in ſporting and feſtivity.*

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE VII.*

THE PRIZE.

THIRSIL, DAPHNIS, THOMALIN.

I.

AURORA from old Tithon's frosty bed
(Cold, wint'ry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps;
Casting what sportless nights she ever led:
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.

Curst

* This Eclogue is modelled after the third of Virgil, and fifth or eighth of Theocritus, which there have been few pastoral writers who have not chosen to imitate in some of their eclogues: There are, however, I believe, none who, upon comparing this of our poet with the similar eclogues of other authors, (nay of these great models themselves), will deny him in this the superiority. There is here a much greater variety of sentiment than in the like eclogues of others. Even in Virgil and Theocritus, the one shepherd but barely repeats the sentiment of the other.

only

Curſt be, and curſed is, that wretched fire
That yokes green youth with age, want with deſire,
Who ties the ſunne to ſnow, or marries froſt to fire.*

II.

The morn ſaluting, up I quickly riſe,
And to the green I poſte; for, on this day,
Shepherd and fiſher-boyes had ſet a prize,
Upon the ſhore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two ſhould ſing the choiceſt lay.
Daphnis, the ſhepherd-lad, whom Mira's eyes
Had kill'd; yet with ſuch wounde he gladly dies:

only varying a little, and adapting it to apply to his own circumſtances. One ſhepherd ſays, he intends to make a preſent of pigeons to his miſtreſſes; the other, inſtead of pigeons, ſays he will give her apples. The contention between the ſhepherds in Spenſer's Eclogues has ſomething extremely ludicrous and burleſque, where the one ſhepherd is merely an echo to the laſt words of the other, and the whole merit lies in an aukward chime of words with little or no meaning.——If this eclogue yields to any of the ſame kind, it is to the ninth of Michael Drayton's paſtorals, which is full of pictureſque deſcription, and the conteſt between the ſhepherds is there finely managed.

* This deſcription of the morning is moſt elegant and beautiful; and the fine reflection which he ſo naturally introduces is particularly admirable.

Thomalin,

Thomalin, the fiſher, in whoſe heart did reigne
Stella, whoſe love his life, and whoſe diſdain
Seems worſe than angry ſkies, or never-quiet main.

III.

There ſoon I view the merry ſhepherd-ſwains
March three by three, clad all in youthful greeen;
And, while the ſad recorder ſweetly plains, *
Three lovely nymphs (each ſeveral row between,
More lovely nymphs could no where elſe be ſeen,
Whoſe face's ſnow their ſnowy garments ſtains;)
With ſweeter voices fit their pleaſing ſtrains.
Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes
And ewes go ſilent by, while wanton lambes,
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

* The recorder is a wind-inſtrument of a ſoft and melancholy ſound. Milton makes the infernal ſpirits march on

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and ſoft *recorders*;———

which, ſays he, had the effect

———to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.———

PARADISE LOST, b. i. v. 550.

IV. Scarce

IV.

Scarce were the ſhepherds ſet, but ſtraight in ſight
The fiſher-boyes came driving up the ſtream;
Themſelves in blue; and twenty ſea-nymphs bright,
In curious robes, that well the waves might ſeem;
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
Their boats and maſts with flow'rs and garlands dight;
And round the ſwannes guard them, with armies white:
Their ſkiffes by couples dance to ſweeteſt ſounds,
Which running cornets breathe to full plain grounds,
That ſtrikes the river's face, and thence more ſweet rebounds.

V.

And now the nymphs and ſwains had took their place;
Firſt, thoſe two boyes; Thomalin the fiſher's pride;
Daphnis the ſhepherd's: Nymphs their right hand grace;
And choiceſt ſwains ſhut up the other ſide:
So ſit they down, in order fit apply'd:
Thirſil betwixt them both, in middle ſpace;
Thirſil their judge, who now's a ſhepherd baſe,

But late a fiſher-ſwain; till envious Chame
Had rent his nets, and ſunk his boat with ſhame;
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game.

VI.

So, as they ſit, thus Thirſil 'gins the lay;

THIRSIL.

You lovely boyes, the woods' and ocean's pride,
Since I am judge of this ſweet peaceful fray,
Firſt tell us, where and when your loves you ſpy'd:
And when in long diſcourſe you well are try'd,
Then in ſhort verſe, by turns, we'll gently play:
In love begin, in love we'll end the day.
Daphnis, thou firſt; to me you both are deare:
Ah! if I might, I would not judge, but heare:
Nought have I of a judge but an impartial eare.

VII.

DAPHNIS.

Phœbus, if, as thy words, thy oaths are true,
Give me that verſe which to the honour'd bay,
(That verſe which by thy promiſe now is due)
To honour'd Daphne, in a ſweet tun'd lay,
(Daphne * thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye;)

* Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus, was beloved of Apollo; and, being purſued by him, invoked her father's aſſiſtance, and was transformed into a laurel or bay-tree.

Thou ſangeſt late, when ſhe, now better ſtaid,
More humane when a tree than when a maid,
Bending her head, thy love with gentle ſigne repaid.

VIII.

What tongue, what thought, can paint my Love's perfection?
So ſweet hath nature pourtray'd ev'ry part,
That art will prove that artiſt's imperfection,
Who, when no eye dare view, dares limme her face:
Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light than thine; a light that never fell:
Thou tell'ſt what's done in heaven, in earth, and hell:
Her worth thou may'ſt admire; there are no words to tell.

IX.

She is like thee, or thou art like her rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy ſingle light,
As her twin-ſunnes: that creature then, I gather,
Twice-heav'nly is, where two ſunnes ſhine ſo bright:
So thou, as ſhe, confound'ſt the gazing ſight:

Thy

Thy abſence is my night: her abſence, hell.
Since then, in all, thyſelf ſhe doth excel,
What is beyond thyſelf, how can'ſt thou hope to tell? *

X. Firſt

* A poet, in the praiſe of his miſtreſs, may ſay what he pleaſes, without the leaſt riſque of running into hyperbole, of which this paſſage is an example. Of the ſame nature, I here ſubjoin a beautiful ode which I find in a book entitled, "Select Ayres and "Dialogues, &c. Printed for J. Playford, 1659."

Tell me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the aire,
Did you not ſee a nymph more bright, more faire,
Than Beauty's darling, or of looks more ſweet
Than ſtolne content? If ſuch an one you meet,
Wait on her hourly whereſoe'ere ſhe flies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntor for her abſence dies.

Go ſearch the vallies; pluck up ev'ry roſe,
You'll find a ſcente, a bluſhe of her in thoſe:
Fiſh, fiſh for pearle, or corall, there you'll ſee
How oriental all her colours bee.
Go call the echoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I die.

But ſtay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were ſhe on earth, ſhe had been with me ſtill:
Go fly to heav'n, examine ev'ry ſphere,
And try what ſtar hath lately lighted there;

X.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toil,
In shady grove, spent with the weary chace;
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace, *
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast inlace:
The aire (my rival aire) did coolly glide †
Thro' ev'ry part; such when my love I spy'd.
So soon I saw my love, so soon I lov'd and dy'd.

XI.

Her face two colours paint: the first a flame;
(Yet she all cold); a flame in rosy die,
Which sweetly blushes like the morning's shame:
The second snow; such as on Alps doth lie;
And safely there the sunne doth bold defy.

If any brighter than the sun you see,
Fall down, fall down and worship it, for that is she.

Gay's beautiful ballad of *Black-ey'd Susan*, has in it many similar thoughts to the above.

* Whether this image is pleasing or otherwise, would perhaps admit of a little dispute.

† That the air has been a lover's rival, is known from the beautiful story of Cephalus and Procris. Ovid. Met. b. 7.

Yet

Yet this cold ſnow can kindle hot deſire.
Thou miracle, mar'l not if I admire
How flame ſhould coldly freeze, and ſnow ſhould burn as fire.

XII.

Her ſlender waſte, her hand, that dainty breaſt,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair;
And thoſe hid beauties, which muſt ſure be beſt,
In vain to ſpeak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs, ſhe is the faireſt fair.
Ceaſe then, vain words; well may you ſhow affection,
But not her worth: the minde her ſweet perfection
Admires; how ſhould it then give the lame tongue direction?

XIII.

THOMALIN.

Unleſſe thy words be fleeting as thy wave,
Proteus, that ſong into my breaſt inſpire
With which the ſeas, when loud they roar and rave,
Thou ſoftly charm'ſt; and windes' inteſtine ire,
When 'gainſt heav'n, earth and ſeas they did conſpire,
Thou quiet laid'ſt: Proteus, thy ſong to heare,
Seas liſt'ning ſtand, and windes to whiſtle fear;
The lively delphins dance, and briſly ſeales give eare.

XIV. Stella,

XIV.

Stella, my ſtarlike love, my lovely ſtarre:
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; ſuch her cheeks roſes are:
Lovely her lip, moſt lovely is her eye:
And as in each of theſe all love doth lie,
So thouſand loves within her minde retiring,
Kindle ten thouſand loves with gentle firing.
Ah, let me love my love, not live in love's admiring.

XV.

At Proteus' feaſt, where many a goodly boye,
And many a lovely laſſe, did lately meet;
There firſt I found, there firſt I loſt my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet;
While eare and eye ſtrove which ſhould be moſt ſweet,
That face, or voice: but when my lips at laſt
Saluted hers, thoſe ſenſes ſtrove as faſt,
Which moſt thoſe lips did pleaſe; the eye, eare, touch, or taſte.

XVI. The

XVI.

The eye ſwears, never fairer lip was eyed;
The eare, with thoſe ſweet reliſhes delighted,
Thinks them the ſpheares; the taſte, that nearer try'd
Their reliſh ſweet, the ſoul to feaſt invited;
The touch, with preſſure ſoft more cloſe united,
Wiſh'd ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed,
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed *.

XVII. Her

* Arioſto's fiction of the moon's being the receptacle of every thing that is loſt on earth, furniſhes the poet with the following beautiful apoſtrophe to his miſtreſs, with which he introduces the 35th book of *Orlando Furioſo*.

Chi ſalirà per me, Madonna, in cielo
A riportarme il mio perduto ingegno?
Che poi ch'uſcì da bei voſtri occhi il telo,
Che'l cor mi fiſſe, ogni hor perdendo vegno;
Ne di tanta jattura mi querelo,
Pur che non creſca, ma ſtia a queſto ſegno;
Ch'io dubito, ſe più ſi va ſcemando,
Di venir tal, qual'ho diſcritto Orlando.

Per rihaver l'ingegno mio mi è aviſo,
Che non biſogna, che per l'aria io poggi
Nel cerchio de la Luna, o in Paradiſo,
Che il mio non credo, che tant'alto allogi;

Nei

XVII.

Her hair all dark, more clear the white doth ſhow,
And, with its night, her face's morn commends:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow,
Which ſporting love upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-miſſing arrow ſends.

But

Nei bei voſtri occhi, è nel ſereno viſo,
Nel ſen' d'avorio, e alabaſtrini poggi
Se ne va errando; & io con queſte labbia
Lo corro, ſe vi par, ch'io lo rihabbia.

It is hard to ſay, whether the above, or the following tranſlation, by Sir John Harrington, is more admirable.

Fair miſtreſs, who for me to heaven ſhall flye,
To bring again from thence my wand'ring wit?
Which I ſtill loſe, ſince from that piercing eye
The dart came forth that firſt my heart did hit:
Nor of my loſs at all complain would I,
Might I but keep that which remaineth yet:
But if it ſtill decreaſe, within ſhort ſpace
I doubt I ſhall be in Orlando's caſe.

Yet well I wot where to recover mine,
Tho' not in Paradiſe, nor Cynthia's ſpheare,
Yet doubtleſs in a place no leſs divine,
In that ſweet face of yours, in that fair hair,

That

But moſt I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which thoſe two blackeſt ſunnes do fair diſplay,
Should ſhine ſo bright, and night ſhould make ſo ſweet
a day.

XVIII.

So is my love an heav'n; her hair a night;
Her ſhining forehead Dian's ſilver light;
Her eyes the ſtarres, their influence delight;
Her voice the ſpheares; her cheek Aurora bright;
Her breaſt the globes, where heaven's paths milkie-
white

That ruby lip, in thoſe two ſtar-like eyne,
There is my wit.—I know it wanders there;
And with my lips, if ye would give me leave,
I there would ſearch, I thence would it receive.

And, now that we are on the ſubject of lips, I muſt mention William Warner, an old poet, and author of a work intitled *Albion's England*, who thus deſcribes Queen Eleanor's harſh treatment of Roſamond, in a fine ſentiment.

With that ſhe daſht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow!
Softe were thoſe lippes that bled!

For a larger ſpecimen of Warner's poetical abilities, the reader may conſult the 2d volume of Mr. Percy's Collection of ancient Songs and Ballads, where he will find a paſtoral, entitled Argentile and Curan, which will well reward his trouble.

Runnes 'twixt thoſe hills; her hand, Arion's touch *,
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my love; that but my love was never ſuch.

XIX.

THIRSIL.

The earth her robe, the ſea her ſwelling tide,
The trees their leaves, the moon her divers face;
The ſtarres their courſes, flow'rs their ſpringing pride,
Dayes change their length, the ſunne his dayly race.
Be conſtant when you love; Love loves not ranging:
Change when you ſing; Muſes delight in changing. †

XX. DAPH-

* Arion, a celebrated muſician of antiquity, who ſaved his life by his ſkill in his art.

† Some critics have found fault with the paſtoral writers, for introducing in their eclogues ſhepherds ſinging in alternate verſes, which they condemn as improbable and unnatural. To the cool genius of this country it is, no doubt, a little improbable and unnatural; but this general charge, of being contrary to nature, is really founded in ignorance: For, even at this day, in Italy, the country where paſtoral poetry has moſt flouriſhed, there are many poets who make a practice of reciting verſes extempore, in the preciſe manner of the ſhepherds in our eclogues. A ſubject is propoſed, ſuch where there is room for poetical amplification; the one begins, the other rejoins, and without interruption there

is

XX.

DAPHNIS.

Pan loves the pine-tree, Jove the oak approves,
High populars Alcides' temples crown;
Phœbus, though in a tree, ſtill Daphne loves,
And Hyacinths, though living now in ground:
Shepherds,

is a continued alternate poem carried on for hours. The uſual meaſure is the *ottava rima*, ſtanzas of eight lines. The amazing rapidity of expreſſion, and the fire of ſentiment of theſe extempore poets are aſtoniſhing. The audience are animated to the moſt violent exceſs of applauſe, while theſe *Improviſatori* (as they are called) with their eyes ſparkling with enthuſiaſm and emulation, ſeem agitated with true poetic fury. This to us muſt appear aſtoniſhing and fabulous, ſince the poetical compoſitions of theſe days, a few excepted, ſavour much more of lucubration than of the *vis divina*; yet this account we give upon the credit of Mr. Baretti, a living author: But whatever may be, in this reſpect, the ſtate of the national genius at preſent, it is certain we have not the ſoil or climate to blame for it. Britain *has* produced her poets: the preſent may not be the diſtinguiſhed æra of poetical compoſition, but the geniuſes of the paſt will in this, as in moſt of the fine arts, ſufficiently vindicate our eminence. Even in this article of extempore compoſition, the art of the ancient Britiſh bards muſt have been little inferior to that of the Italian *Improviſatori*. The inferiority of the moderns in general to the ancients, in poetry, may perhaps be accounted for from natural cauſes: In an

Shepherds, if you yourſelves would victors ſee,
Gird then this head with Phœbus' flow'r and tree *.

* Paſtores, edera creſcentem ornate poëtam
Arcades invidia rumpantur ut illia Codro.
Aut ſi ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRG. Ecl. 7.

XXI. THO-

early period of ſociety, the face of nature affords wild and ſtriking pictures, powerfully affecting the imagination, which are loſt by the progreſs of agriculture and cultivation. The natural feelings of the mind of man are much ſtronger in ſuch a ſtate, than when biaſſed and perverted by the *falſe notions* which are inſeparable from refinement and improvement in the arts and ſciences. The infancy of language (as is remarked by an ingenious critic *) naturally leads to expreſſion, by bold metaphors and alluſions, which muſt be leſs uſed when a language becomes copious, and each word has a definite ſignification. Beſides all this, is it not very natural to ſuppoſe, that ſince the food of poetry muſt be every day exhauſting, the poets of theſe days find it difficult to ſtrike out a new path, or even to paint a ſingle ſcene which has not already been touch'd upon by ſome of the poets of former ages? Deſcriptions that were worthy of admiration, and highly reliſh'd in the early ages of poetry, when introduced in the works of our age, are ſtale and inſipid. And hence, perhaps, we may

* Dr. BLAIR.

IN

XXI.

THOMALIN.

Alcinous peares, Pomona apples bore;
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas choſe;
Venus loves myrtles, myrtles love the ſhore;
Venus Adonis loves, who freſhly blowes,

Yet

in ſome meaſure account for what to us now appears vain and prepoſterous, to wit, the amazing effects attributed in the works of the ancients to the power of verſe.

" Carmina vel cælo poſſunt deducere lunam, &c.
" ——————Quid enim non carmina poſſunt."

For though theſe accounts muſt have been even at that time look'd on as exaggerated and hyperbolical, yet the framing and adopting ſuch fictions ſerves well to demonſtrate, that poetical compoſition muſt have been much more powerful in its influence on the human mind than what we at preſent feel or can conceive. And how truly admirable muſt have been theſe compoſitions at the time of their firſt appearance, when, even under diſadvantageous circumſtances, we ſtill confeſs their ſuperiority.

But this is a wide digreſſion from the point, which was, to vindicate the dialogue, or diſpute, in alternate verſes.——I have ſaid above, that the conteſt between the ſhepherds in *Drayton*'s Paſtorals is a maſter-piece, and it would be injuſtice if we ſhould here omit paying a tribute to the merit of ſo excellent a poet, or refuſe a ſpecimen to juſtify our opinion.——After the aſſembling of the ſhepherds, and their rural entertainment, the *king of the feaſt* appoints

Yet breathes no more; weave, lads, with myrtles roſes,
And bay and hyacinth the garland loſes.

XXII. DAPH-

appoints who ſhould ſing the *roundelay*, and who ſhould join in the *under-ſong*; the former *Batte*, the latter *Gorbo*.

BATTE.

Gorbo, as thou cam'ſt this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou thro' the fields didſt ſtray,
Saw'ſt thou my *Daffadill?*

She's in a frock of Lincoln-green,
Which colour likes her ſight;
And never hath her beauty ſeen,
But thro' a vail of white,

Than roſes richer to behold,
That trim up lovers bow'rs;
The panſie and the marigold,
Tho' Phœbus' paramours.

GORBO.

Thou well deſcrib'ſt the daffadill;
It is not full an hour,
Since, by the ſpring, near yonder hill,
I ſaw that lovely flow'r.

BATTE.

XXII.

DAPHNIS.

Mira, thine eyes are thoſe twin-heav'nly powers
Which to the widow'd earth new offspring bring;
No marvel, then, if ſtill thy face ſo flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous bloſſoms freſhly ſpring:
So

BATTE.

Yet my fair flow'r thou did'ſt not meet,
Nor news of her doſt bring;
And yet my *Daffadill*'s more ſweet
Than that by yonder ſpring.

GORBO.

I ſaw a ſhepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his ſheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

BATTE.

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'ſt me ſtill;
My flow'r thou did'ſt not ſee;
For know, my pretty *Daffadill*
Is worn of none but me.

To ſhew itſelf but near her ſeat
No lily is ſo bold;
Except to ſhade her from the heat,
Or fence her from the cold.

GORBO.

So is thy face a never-fading May;
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

XXIII. THO-

GORBO.

Through yonder vale as I did paſs,
Deſcending from the hill,
I met a ſmirking bonny laſs,
They call her *Daffadill;*

Whoſe preſence, as along ſhe went,
The pretty flow'rs did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the ſhepherds that were nigh,
From top of ev'ry hill,
Unto the vallies loud did cry,
There goes ſweet *Daffadill.*

GORBO.

Ay, gentle ſhepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks doſt fill;
That's ſhe alone, kind ſhepherd-boy;
Let us to *Daffadill.*

Two other ſhepherds, *Motto* and *Perkin*, are enjoined next to take up the ſong.

Motto.

XXIII.

THOMALIN.

Stella, thine eyes are thoſe twin-brothers fair,
  Which tempeſts ſlake, and promiſe quiet ſeas;
No marvel, then, if thy brown ſhadie hair,
  Like night, portend ſweet reſt and gentle eaſe:
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-ſpent night.

XXIV. DAPH-

Motto. Tell me, thou ſkillful ſhepherd ſwain,
  Whoſe yonder in the valley ſet?
Perkin. O! it is ſhe, whoſe ſweets do ſtain
  The lily, roſe, the violet.

Motto. Why doth the ſun, againſt his kind,
  Stay his bright chariot in the ſkies?
Perkin. He pauſeth, almoſt ſtriken blind,
  With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

Motto. Why doth thy flocks forbear their food,
  Which ſometime was their chief delight?
Perkin. Becauſe they need no other good,
  That live in preſence of her ſight.

Motto. How came thoſe flow'rs to flouriſh ſtill,
  Not with'ring with ſharp winter's breath?
Perkin. She hath robb'd nature of her ſkill,
  And comforts all things with her breath.

XXIV.

DAPHNIS.

If ſleepy poppies yield to lilies white;
If black to ſnowy lambes; if night to day;
If weſtern ſhades to fair Aurora's light;
Stella muſt yield to Mira's ſhining ray.
In day we ſport, in day we ſhepherds toy;
The night for wolves; the light the ſhepherd's joy.

Motto. Why ſlide theſe brooks ſo ſlow away,
As ſwift as the wild roe that were?

Perkin. O muſe not, ſhepherd, that they ſtay,
When they her heav'nly voice do hear.

Motto. From whence come all thoſe goodly ſwains,
And lovely girls, attir'd in green?

Perkin. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy *Syl*, our ſhepherd's queen.

Motto. The ſun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flow'rs, can witneſs bear.

Perkin. Theſe ſhepherds and theſe nymphs do know,
That Sylvia is as chaſte as fair.

XXV.

THOMALIN.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman reſt compares with painful light?
Who wears the glaring glaſs, and ſcorns the jet?
Day yield to her that is both day and night.
In night the fiſhers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers holiday.

XXVI.

DAPHNIS.

Fly then the ſeas, fly farre the dang'rous ſhore:
Mira, if thee the king of ſeas ſhould ſpye,
He'll think Meduſa ſweeter than before,
With fairer hair, and doubly-fairer eye,
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

XXVII.

THOMALIN.

Stella, avoid both Phœbus' eare and eye:
His muſicke he will ſcorn, if thee he heare:
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he ſpie,
Daphne now fairer chang'd, he'll raſhly ſweare;
And, viewing thee, will later riſe and fall;
Or, viewing thee, will never riſe at all.

XXVIII.

DAPHNIS.

Phœbus and Pan both ſtrive my love to gain,
And ſeek by gifts to winne my careleſſe heart;
Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitful plain;
Apollo offers ſkill and pleaſing art:
But, Stella, if thou grant my ſuit, a kiſs;
Phœbus and Pan their ſuit, my love, ſhall miſſe.

XXIX.

THOMALIN.

Proteus himſelf, and Glaucus, ſeek unto me,
And twenty gifts to pleaſe my minde deviſe:
Proteus with ſongs, Glaucus with fiſh doth woo me;
Both ſtrive to winne, but I them both deſpiſe:
For if my Love my love will entertain,
Proteus himſelf, and Glaucus, ſeek in vain.

XXX.

DAPHNIS.

Two twin, two ſpotted lambes, (my ſong's reward),
With them a cup I got, where Jove aſſum'd
New ſhapes, to mock his wife's too jealous guard;
Full of Jove's fires it burns ſtill unconſum'd:
But, Mira, if thou gently deigne to ſhine,
Thine be the cup, the ſpotted lambes be thine.

XXXI.

THOMALIN.

A pair of ſwannes are mine, and all their train;
With them a cup, which Thetis' ſelf beſtow'd,
As ſhe of love did hear me ſadly plain;
A pearled cup, where Nectar oft hath flow'd:
But if my Love will love the gift and giver,
Thine be the cup, thine be the ſwannes for ever.

XXXII.

DAPHNIS.

Thrice happy ſwaines! thrice happy ſhepherd's fate!

THOMALIN.

Ah, bleſſed life! ah bleſſed fiſher's ſtate!
Your pipes aſſuage your love, your nets maintain you.

DAPHNIS.

Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks ſuſtain you.
You fear no ſtormy ſeas, nor tempeſts roaring.

THOMALIN.

You ſit not, rots or burning ſtarres deploring:
In calms, you fiſh; in roughs, uſe ſongs and dances.

DAPHNIS.

More do you fear your love's ſweet-bitter glances,
Than certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

THOMALIN.

Ah! that the life in ſeas ſo ſafely ranging,

Should

Should with love's weeping eye be ſunk and drown'd!

DAPHNIS.

The ſhepherd's life Phœbus, a ſhepherd, crown'd;
His ſnowy flocks by ſtately Peneus leading.

THOMALIN.

What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

DAPHNIS.

Delia herſelf her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with ſhepherd's boy ſhe's not aſhamed.

THOMALIN.

Venus, of frothy ſeas thou firſt waſt framed;
The waves thy cradle: now Love's Queen art named.

XXXIII.

DAPHNIS.

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?
So ſlender gift as this not half requites thee.
May proſp'rous ſtarres, and quiet ſeas regard thee;
But moſt that pleaſing ſtarre that moſt delights thee:
May Proteus ſtill, and Glaucus, deareſt hold thee;
But moſt her influence, all ſafe infold thee:
May ſhe with gentle beams from her fair ſpheare behold thee.

XXXIV. THO-

XXXIV.

THOMALIN.

As whiſtling windes 'gainſt rocks their voices tearing;
As rivers through the vallies ſoftly gliding;
As haven after cruel tempeſts fearing;
Such, faireſt boy, ſuch is thy verſes ſliding:
Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phœbus grace thee;
Moſt, whom thou moſt admir'ſt, may ſhe embrace thee;
And flaming in thy love, with ſnowy arms enlace thee.

XXXV.

THIRSIL.

You lovely boys, full well your art you guided;
That with your ſtriving ſongs your ſtrife is ended:
So you yourſelves the cauſe have well decided;
And by no judge can your award be mended.
Then ſince the prize, for only one intended,
You both refuſe, we juſtly may reſerve it,
And as your offering in Love's temple ſerve it;
Since none of both deſerve, when both ſo well deſerve it.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Yet, for ſuch ſongs ſhould ever be rewarded;
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory cleareſt,
Given me by Pan, when Pan my verſe regarded;
This fears the wolf, when moſt the wolf thou feareſt.
But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my deareſt,
Take thou this pipe, which oft proud ſtorms reſtrained;
Which, ſpite of Chamus' ſpite, I ſtill retained:
Was never little pipe more ſoft, more ſweetly plained.

XXXVII.

And you, fair troop, if Thirſil you diſdain not, *
Vouchſafe with me to take ſome ſhort refection;
Exceſſe, or daints, my lowly roof maintain not;
Peares, apples, plummes; no ſugred made confection.
So up they roſe, and, by Love's ſweet direction,
Sea-

* The meaſure, or ſtanza, in theſe Eclogues is often of an unuſual length, moſt commonly of ſeven or eight lines, but ſometimes extending to ten. This, I know, with many people, is a capital objection to the ancient poetry of our language, as a number of lines, and a frequent repetition of the ſame ſounds in the rhime, is by ſuch thought inconſiſtent with harmony. All that can be ſaid is, that good judges will often differ in their ſentiments. It is certain that ſome of our moſt capital poets have preferred

Sea-nymphs with ſhepherds ſort: ſea-boyes complain not,
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.
And all the day to ſongs and dances lending,
Too ſwift it runnes, and ſpends too faſt in ſpending.
With day their ſports began, with day they take their ending.

preferred the long meaſure in their compoſitions; and though it is now much diſuſed, it prevailed univerſally for ages. I muſt think there is a due medium. We are accuſtomed to the chime of every two lines, yet it is undoubtedly tedious, and has too little variety. The ſtanza of four, where the rhime is in the alternate lines, is certainly more pleaſing and harmonious: in general, where the ſtanza does not exceed eight lines, there is a good harmony and ſufficient variety, not to become tedious; a greater number fatigues the ear and the attention. The genius of the national muſick had probably the direction of the ſtanza in the verſification. We know that in our own country all our poetry was formerly adapted to muſic, compoſed extempore to the harp, in the remoter ages; and, in later periods, the poetical compoſitions were adapted to ſome tune in faſhion at the time: The practice of ſinging continued poems apppear to have prevailed even in the time of *Michael Drayton*, who, in his preface to the *Barons Wars*, tells us, that he did not reliſh the ſtanza of ſix lines, becauſe "they detained not the muſic, nor the cloſe, "(as the muſicians term it), long enough; but the ſtanza of "eight both holds the tune clear thorow to the baſe of the column, "and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the eare." The meaſure of our ancient muſic was diffuſe, and not divided in ſhort

parts, as the modern tunes of the national taſte at this day: this appears from the old tunes which remain among us, particularly thoſe of the north of Scotland, of Wales, and Ireland, in which there is a long and wild continuation of melody, unlike the ſhort meaſures and frequent cloſes in the modern ballads. This taſte in the old muſic would neceſſarily occaſion a long ſtanza in the poetry.

POESIES.

POESIES.

By P. F.

POESIES.

To Master W. C.

WILLY, my deare, that late by Haddame ſitting,
By little Haddame, in whoſe private ſhades,
Unto thy fancy thouſand pleaſures fitting,
With dainty nymphs, in thoſe retired glades
Did'ſt ſpend thy time: (time that too quickly fades.)
Ah! much I fear that thoſe ſo pleaſing toyes
Have too much lull'd thy ſenſe and mind in ſlumb'ring joyes.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,
Which with freſh ſport and pleaſure doth enthrall thee;
There new delights withdraw thy eare, thy eye;
Too much I fear leſt ſome ill chance befal thee:
Hark how the Cambridge muſes thence recall thee;
Willy our deare, Willy his time abuſes:
But ſure thou haſt forgot our Chame and Cambridge muſes.

Return

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the ſprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray ſhall burn thee,
Will ſit and ſing among the muſes nine;
And, ſafely covered from the ſcalding ſhine,
We'll read that Mantuan ſhepherd's ſweet complaining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjuſt diſdaining.

And, when we liſt, to lower notes deſcend;
Heare Thirſil's moan, and Fuſca's crueltie:
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;
Fuſca his care, but careleſſe enemie:
Hope oft he ſees ſhine in her humble eye;
But ſoon her angry word of hope deprives him:
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

To

To W. R. Eſquire.

STRANGE power of home, with how ſtrong-twiſted arms,
And Gordian-twined knot, doſt thou enchain me!
Never might fair Caliſto's doubled charms,
Nor powerful Circe's whiſp'ring ſo detain me,
Though all her art ſhe ſpent to entertain me;
Their preſence could not force a weak deſire:
But, oh! thy powerful abſence breeds ſtill-growing fire.

By night thou try'ſt with ſtrong imagination
To force my ſenſe 'gainſt reaſon to belye it;
Methinks I ſee the faſt-imprinted faſhion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well deny it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for ſpite
I ſhut mine eyes again, and wiſh back ſuch a night.

But in the day my never-ſlackt deſire
Will caſt to prove by welcome forgerie,
That for my abſence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to pleaſe with ſoothing flatterie.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will ſooneſt flie

Where

Where it finds want: then as our love is dearer,
Abſence yields preſence, diſtance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in ſome humble Kentiſh dale *
For ever eas'ly ſpend my ſlow-pac'd houres;
Much more I ſcorn fair Æton's pleaſant vale,
Or Windſor, † Tempe's ſelf, and proudeſt towers:
There would I ſit, ſafe from the ſtormy ſhowers,
And

* The poet, fond of the country and rural pleaſures, ſeems to have been particularly attached to the county of Kent, as appears from this paſſage and ſeveral others in his Eclogues; and no wonder that this county ſhould be agreeable to a man of his turn of mind, where there is a variety of green and beautiful hills, extenſive woods, and noble rivers. Cranebrook and Brenchly-hill, where he wiſhes to have his reſidence, are remarkable for their beautiful ſituation. Cranebrook lies low in the woody part of the county, near the river Rother, and is a pleaſant village, and well known at a diſtance by a tall ſpire, or ſteeple, which was formerly uſed as a beacon to direct ſailors.

† Tempe is celebrated by the ancients, both poets and hiſtorians, as a terreſtrial paradiſe. It is a beautiful valley in Theſſaly, ſurrounded by the lofty hills of Pelion, Oſſa, and Olympus, whoſe ſides are covered with laurels, and other tall trees, and it is watered by the river Peneus, whoſe banks are ever green, and adorned with hanging laurels; whence Peneus is ſaid to have been the father of Daphne. Pliny ſays, the valley extends in length five miles, and only an acre and a half in breadth: "Intus ſua

"luco

And laugh the troublous winds and angry ſkie;
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die. *

And

" luce viridante allabitur Peneus, viridis calculo, amœnus circa
" ripas gramine, canorus avium concentu." Plin. l. 4. c. 8.

* The reader will obſerve in this paſſage a ſimilarity to ſome beautiful ſtanzas quoted above in the 2d Eclogue, from the Purple Iſland, another work of our author's; as a match to which, I ſhall here produce a few verſes, conveying much the ſame ſentiment, which will make the reader in ſome ſort acquainted with the merits of an excellent poet who is but little known. It is a quotation from the poems of *Jo. Baptiſta Amaltheus*, who, for claſſical elegance, as well as true paſtoral ſimplicity, has but few to rival him.

Dum mihi felices, Jule, nemus explicet umbras
Non alias malim quærere divitias.
Et modo odoratas intexam floribus herbas,
Eoas videar cogere ſolus opes.
Quid dubio iratos percurram remige fluctus,
Expleat ut miſeram lucida gemma ſitim?
Ah! pereat quicunque truci ſe credere ponto
Audet, et ignotas æquoris ire vias.
Me vero gelidâ lucus ſi protegat umbrâ
Rura colam, votis rura petita meis.
Illic formoſæ vaccinia prima Neæræ,
Et violas pictis ipſe feram calathis.
Illic ſectatus volucres ad retia cervos,

And would my lucky fortune ſo much grace me,
As in low Cranebrook or high Brenchly's-hill,
Or in ſome cabin near thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly ſport and ſing my fill,
And teach my tender muſe to raiſe her quill;
And that high Mantuan ſhepherd's ſelf to dare;
If ought with that high Mantuan ſhepherd mought
compare.

There would I chaunt either my Gemma's praiſe;
Or elſe my Fuſca; faireſt ſhepherdeſſe!
Or when me liſt my ſlender pipe to raiſe,
Sing of Eliza's fixed mournfulneſſe,
And much bewail ſuch woful heavineſſe;

Arenti liquidos ore bibam latices.
Aut dulces plenâ decerpam ex arbore fœtus,
Aut paſcam niveum læta per arva gregem.
Dii facite extremo decorent me rura ſepulcro,
Spargat ubi rutilas mæſta Neæra roſas;
Et triſtes demiſſa genas, demiſſa capillum,
Inſcribet tumulo jam moritura meo:
" Huic ſemper nemora, huic placuerunt mollia ſemper
" Gramina; qui viridi nunc quoque gaudet humo."

The poems of Amaltheus Baptiſt are printed at Amſterdam, 1689, along with thoſe of his two brothers, who were alſo good poets.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe a deare-lov'd hart (ah luckleſſe!) ſlew,
Whoſe fall ſhe all too late, too ſoon, too much, did
rue.

But ſeeing now I am not as I would,
But here, among th' unhonour'd willow's ſhade,
The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold;
Here I forſweare my merry piping trade:
My little pipe, of ſeven reeds ymade,
(Ah pleaſing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:
Thou Chame, and Chamiſh nymphs, bear witneſſe of
my vow.

To Mr. JO. TOMKINS.

THOMALIN, my lief, thy muſicke ſtrains to heare,
More raps my ſoul than when the ſwelling windes
On craggy rocks their whiſtling voices tear;
Or when the ſea, if ſtopt his courſe he findes,
With broken murmures thinks weak ſhores to fear,
Scorning ſuch ſandie cords his proud head bindes:
More than where rivers in the ſummer's ray,
Through covert glades cutting their ſhady way,
Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the pebbles play.

Thy ſtrains to heare, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs around;
An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock, with water-lilies crown'd.
For thee the muſes leave their ſilver well,
And marvel where thou all their art haſt found:
There ſitting, they admire thy dainty ſtrains,
And while thy ſadder accent ſweetly plains,
Feel thouſand ſugred joys creep in their melting veins.

How

How oft have I, the muſes bow'r frequenting,
Miſs'd them at home, and found them all with thee!
Whether thou ſing'ſt ſad Euphathus' lamenting,
Or tuneſt notes to ſacred harmonie,
The raviſht ſoul with thy ſweet notes conſenting,
Scorning the earth, in heav'nly extaſie
Tranſcends the ſtarres, and with the angels' train
Thoſe courts ſurveys; and now come back again,
Finds yet another heaven in thy delightful ſtrain.

Ah, could'ſt thou here thy humble mind content,
Lowly with me to live in country cell,
And learn ſuſpect the court's proud blandiſhment,
Here might we ſafe, here might we ſweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her tow'rs and marble tent;
But ah! the country-bow'rs pleaſe me as well:
There with my Thomalin I ſafe would ſing,
And frame ſweet ditties to thy ſweeter ſtring;
There would we laugh at ſpite, and fortunes thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy, lodgeth there;
There no ſuſpicion wall'd in proved ſteel,
Yet fearful of the arms herſelf doth wear:
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;

No clamorous laws ſhall deaf thy muſicke eare;
They know no change, nor wanton fortune's wheel:
Thouſand freſh ſports grow in thoſe daintie places;
Light fawns and nymphs dance in the woodie ſpaces,
And little Love himſelf plays with the naked Graces.

But ſeeing fate my happy wiſh refuſes,
Let me alone enjoy my low eſtate.
Of all the gifts that fair Parnaſſus uſes,
Only ſcorn'd povertie and fortune's hate
Common I finde to me, and to the muſes;
But with the muſes welcome pooreſt fate.
Safe in my humble cottage will I reſt;
And lifting up from my untainted breaſt
A quiet ſpirit to heaven, ſecurely live and bleſt.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joyes,
Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:
Take from thy Thirſil theſe his idle toyes;
Here I will end my looſer merriment:
And when thou ſing'ſt them to the wanton boyes,
Among the courtly laſſes blandiſhment,
Think of thy Thirſil's love that never ſpends;
And ſoftly ſay, his love ſtill better mends:
Ah! too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go,

Go, little pipe; for ever I muſt leave thee,
My little, little pipe, but ſweeteſt ever:
Go, go, for I have vow'd to ſee thee never;
Never, ah! never muſt I more receive thee:
But he in better love will ſtill perſever;
Go, little pipe, for I muſt have a new.
Farewel, ye Norfolk maids, and Ida crue;
Thirſil will play no more; for ever now adieu!

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G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

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P. 21. *Note*, The Editor, by omitting to consult the original for the Greek quotation from Ælian. has fallen into a miſtake: Ælian ſays juſt the contrary.

P. 34. Δαφνως, *leg* Δαφνις.

P. 59. *Note*, *Line* 2. ſaid, *leg.* ſed.

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